Mickey Mouse Magazine

10¢
JUNE
1939
VOL. 4 No. 9

In this issue two new Walt Disney Stories—THE POINTER and SEA SCOUTS

AIRPLANE MODELS THAT FLY! BUILD THEM YOURSELF ★

These sets are based on new ideas such as reinforced rib-sheet construction resulting in sturdier models. Each kit also contains a SAV-A-PLAN blue print (for permanent filing) with a space for mounting full-color picture printed on each carton. Each set contains material and instructions. Blueprints show three full views and step-by-step methods of construction fully illustrated. All are to scale.

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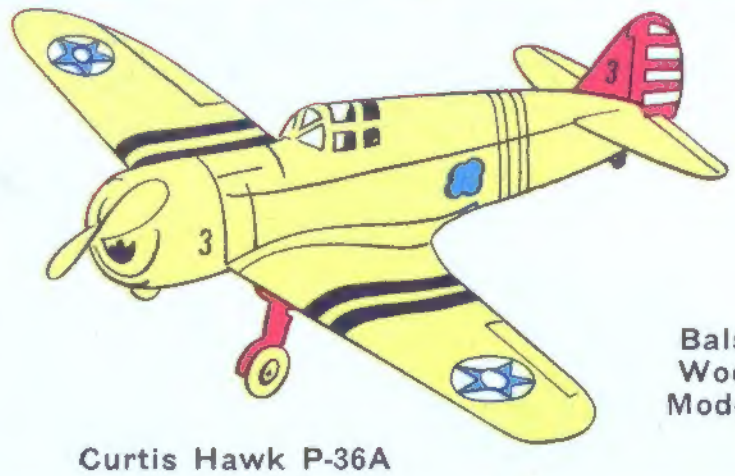

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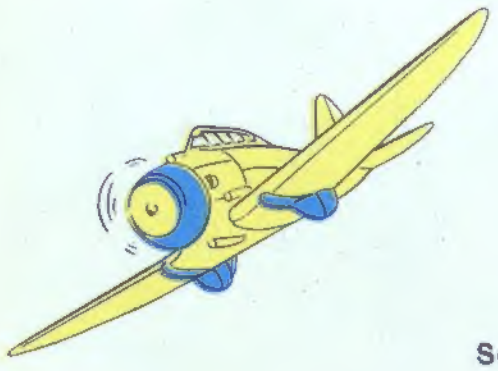

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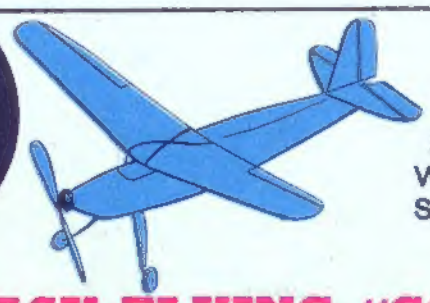

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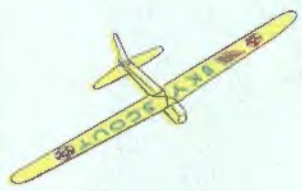

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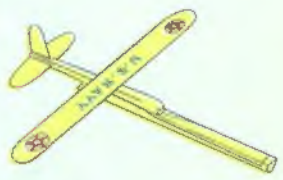

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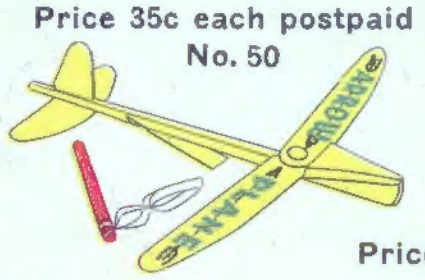

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THIS OFFER GOOD UNTIL JULY 31, 1939

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Mickey Mouse Magazine

MICKEY MOUSE, Editor

KAY KAMEN, Publisher

—Just Between Us—

ONCE a year on the fifth day of the fifth moon the great Dragon Festival is celebrated in China. There are many old legends surrounding this beautiful festival and we have told you a few of them in the story of *The Little Prince* in this issue.

The Chinese believed this wonderful dragon to have mysterious powers. For half the year he was supposed to dwell in the river and for the other half he ascended to the heavens and gave them rain. The Festival occurs each year just before the rains. It is very gay and colorful. The shops are hung with yellow streamers a foot long. They are covered with vermilion seals or painted with figures of the heavenly master or with the forms of the five heavenly creatures. The Chinese believe that by hanging one of these paper streamers on the second gate of their house all evil will pass them by. They also paint a Chinese character on the foreheads of their children to resemble the mark appearing on the forehead of the tiger which, they suppose, protects it from all evil creatures.

IN RESPONSE to all the letters that have come in saying how much they liked the GIANT'S TOOTH story, we have decided to put a sequel in next month's issue of the magazine. So if you and you and you want to hear more about that marvelous tooth that was so sweet it made the enormous giant as good-natured as a child with his teddy bear, then don't miss the July issue.

AND HERE is a special letter from Mickey Mouse himself. It seems there were so many letters on his *Letters to the Editor* page this month that there was no room left for him to say 'hello' as usual. And there would be a lot of disappointed girls and boys without a letter from Mickey in the whole magazine—so here it is:

Hello everybody!

Next to Minnie the best thing I like in all the world is a letter from a pal. Now, that vacation time is here again I guess the letters will be long and newsy and I can't wait. And be sure to write your name, address and age!

If you are planning to go away on a vacation please don't forget to send your summer address to me so you won't miss getting your magazines while you are away.

Have a good time and don't forget to address: Editor, Mickey Mouse Magazine, 1270 Sixth Avenue, New York City, New York.

Forever yours,

Mickey

AND here at last is SEA SCOUTS which you have all been waiting for—with Donald Duck and his three little ducky nephews! It will also be showing soon in your local theatre—don't miss it!

THE POINTER is on the next page featuring your old pal Mickey Mouse and Pluto. But the whole point is that Pluto is no *pointer* as you will see. He has a lot of good points though and we all love him just the same.

The Pointer

"AND when the game is sighted, a true pointer will take his position and not move under any circumstances." Mickey Mouse finished reading this aloud to Pluto and raised his eyes from the book. They were getting ready to go hunting.

"Get that, Pluto?" he asked.

Good old Pluto wagged his tail and nodded his head.

"Remember, now," Mickey continued, looking Pluto right in the eye, "the most important thing is *not to move!*"

Pluto wagged his tail harder than ever and shook his head—he was sure he wouldn't move and scare the game.

"All right," Mickey said as he patted Pluto affectionately. "Tonight we'll have quail on toast—" (Pluto licked his chops) "and maybe," Mickey continued boastfully, "a great big, juicy bearsteak! How would you like that?"

Pluto rolled his eyes and swallowed hard. Just thinking about it made him hungry.

Mickey smiled at his faithful pal, shouldered his gun and was about to start off on the hunt when something caught his eye.

It was a can of beans!

"Beans!" said Mickey disgustedly, "we aren't going to have any use for that kind of truck!" So saying, he threw the can over his shoulder into the woods, and calling Pluto, he started off on the hunt.

Pluto lingered in camp just long enough to make a face in the direction of the can of beans and then he romped after his master.

Mickey tramped through the forest whistling. Pluto bounded ahead, barking happily.

Suddenly Mickey's sharp ears caught a faint quail call. Whispering softly to Pluto to follow him, he tip-toed cautiously forward. He could hear the quail plainly now, and he felt sure they were feeding in the underbrush right ahead. Slowly, quietly, Mickey raised his gun. Impatient

Pluto scampered forward and excitedly sprang at the feeding birds. But he was no match for the clever quail. They simply flew away and left him all alone in the tall grass. Then he heard Mickey's voice.

"Pluto!" Mickey called. "Pluto! You come here!"

Away he bounded in answer to Mickey's call—for Pluto was feeling pretty pleased with himself—hadn't he almost caught a quail?

But Mickey wasn't pleased. He was furious!

"So!" he said, "you think you're smart, don't you?"

Pluto nodded his head happily and wagged his tail.

"Well," continued Mickey, *"you're not!* You're just plain dumb, that's what you are. I told you not to move, didn't I?"

Poor Pluto hung his head.

"You're a *fine* hunting dog—you big bonehead—I'm ashamed of you!" Mickey stormed.

Pluto slumped down in his tracks. He'd never seen Mickey like this before. Miserably, he searched his master's eyes for one small friendly look.

Mickey never could stay angry long. The sight of Pluto's unhappy face drove all the unkind thoughts from his mind.

"Aw shucks, Pluto," he broke down, "I can't stay mad at you."

His faithful pal leaped up and started to lick Mickey's face. He wagged his tail and whined for joy at being forgiven. Mickey grabbed Pluto's two front paws and held the happy dog still for a minute.

"You'll never learn anything, will you?" he asked patiently, and truthful Pluto shook his head.

"Now watch me," Mickey went on, "and I'll show you how a Pointer really points." Mickey, the bold hunter, dropped on all fours, raised his right hand slightly and remained in a rigid pose—he was "pointing."

"Do you see?" he asked Pluto.

The anxious dog nodded his head.

"All right," Mickey said as he got to his feet, "now you try it."

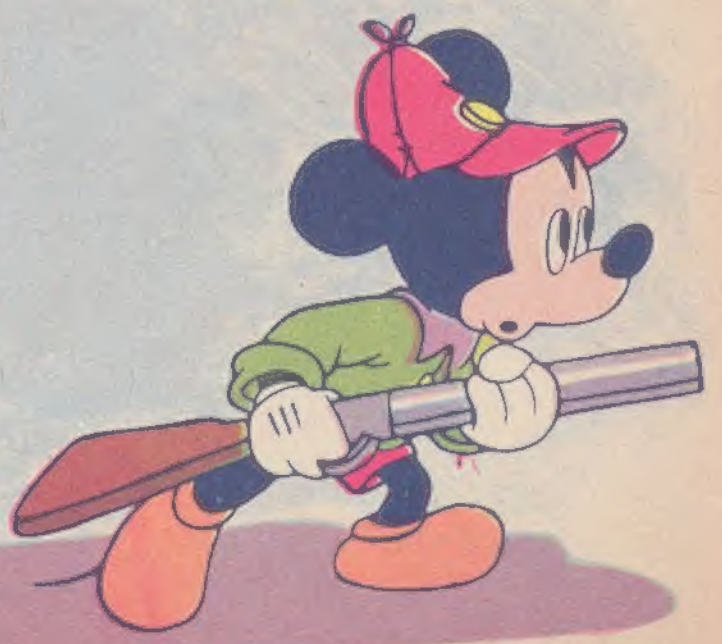
Pluto didn't fool this time. He knew his lesson. He "pointed" perfectly. Mickey was very pleased.

"That's it," he cried, "that's fine. But remember, whatever happens, don't move!"

Just then they again heard the sharp, shrill call of the quail!

"Sshhh," Mickey whispered, as he picked up his gun. "Come on, follow me, Pluto—stay close."

Pluto tried to, but the first thing he knew, his sensitive nose led him down a very interesting trail after a worm—and Mickey was out of sight. Just as Pluto was gaining on the worm, he again heard that familiar sound. It was another quail call! This time there were going to be no mis-



takes in getting the quail.

Pluto "pointed" the game in a stance as rigid as steel.

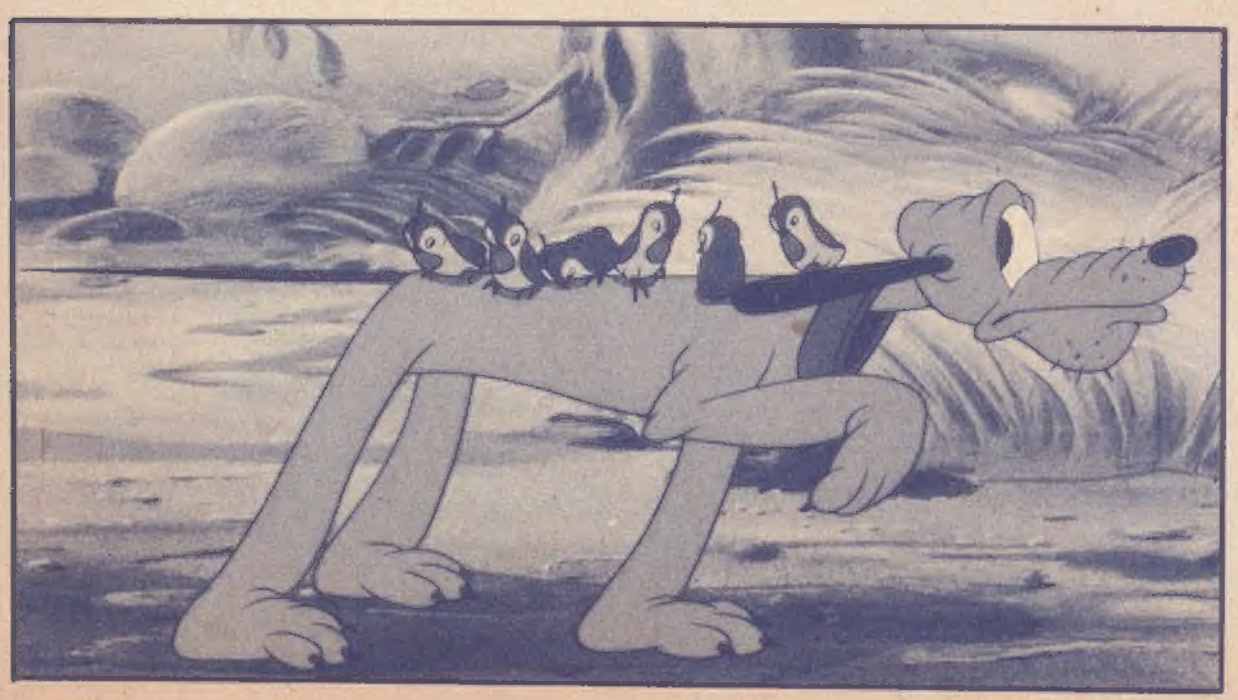
In front of him was a whole family of quail. The little chicks had never seen anything like Pluto before. For all their mother's warning cries, they just had to investigate this strange new thing.

Pluto didn't move.

The baby quail hopped on his back and one of them even roosted on his nose!

Pluto didn't move a muscle.

Meanwhile, Mickey continued to stalk his game in another part of the woods. Running quickly up the gentle slope of a little hill, Mickey stopped short. He found himself at the edge of an overhanging rock. The distance to the ground wasn't so very great, so Mickey jumped lightly down,



and with never a backward glance, continued stealthily to stalk his prey.

What Mickey didn't know was that the rock he jumped from formed the roof of a big bear's den! And when he landed on the ground in front of the den, he woke the bear up!

"Grrrrrhh!!"

"Quiet, Pluto!" Mickey hissed without even bothering to look and see if it *was* Pluto—and he continued to sneak on through the woods. The surly bear lumbered along at his heels.

"It won't be long now, Pluto," Mickey said. And how true that was—for at that moment the bear reached out and nudged Mickey with his nose!

"Cut out the shoving, stupid," Mickey whispered, "we're almost there."

Just then, right ahead of him, Mickey saw the real Pluto—still

pointing—still rigid—still faithful to his master's teachings.

"Hey, look Pluto," Mickey said, "it's you!"

"Shades of Daniel Boone," Mickey thought, "if Pluto's over there, WHAT'S BEHIND ME?" Mickey wheeled around. There, staring him in the face was the hungriest looking bear in the world!

"Oh," quavered Mickey, "it's —it's *you*—that is, it *is* you—ain't it, I mean isn't it. You see, Mr. Bear, I thought you were Pluto—but, ha, ha," he continued weakly, "you're not Pluto are you—you're you, aren't you?"

The bear opened his mouth and growled horribly. "Grrrhh!"

"Wait a minute, Mr. Bear," Mickey continued hurriedly, "I'm Mickey Mouse — you know, Mickey Mouse?—I hope you've heard of me—I hope—"

The bear snarled so loudly that Mickey dropped his gun. The bear looked down at it and then up again at Mickey. The valiant hunter of quail on toast and bear-steaks hurriedly picked up his gun.

"This shotgun of mine, now, Mr. Bear—well, it isn't loaded," quavered Mickey as he threw the offending weapon into the bushes.

There was a terrible explosion!

"Who loaded that?" Mickey asked angrily. "Somebody might have been hurt."

The bear growled again and started slowly towards Mickey. "Grrrhh!"

"Now wait a minute, Mr. Bear," Mickey pleaded as he edged away from the oncoming brute. "We were only hunting bears—I mean birds! You know, quails! Eensy, teensy, weensy ones on toast!"

And then Mickey tripped and fell over backward, just as the bear lunged.

But Mickey fell over a little ledge and the bear missed him. He scrambled to his feet, grabbed Pluto by his collar, and after one frightened look over their shoulders at the angry bear, the "hunting party" dashed off through the woods with the speed of lightning.

Many hours later, Mickey and Pluto trudged wearily into camp just as the stars began to twinkle in the sky. They were very tired and very hungry. Without saying a word to each other they searched the brush carefully with the aid of Mickey's flashlight.

"Hurray, BEANS!" cried Mickey, as he spied the can he had thrown away that morning. "We eat tonight, after all!"

As they shared their meager supper, Mickey said: "I didn't want to kill anything anyway. Did you, Pluto?"

Pluto shook his head and licked his master's hand, to show that whatever Mickey said was always right with him.

KANG Hui looked thoughtfully at the ornament his mother showed him, a beautiful piece of jade with a dragon carved upon it. Kang Hui often looked thoughtful. He was a solemn little boy, and because he was Chinese, his shiny black hair was pulled into a tight braid that hung down his back.

As he stood before his mother with clasped hands, the cuffs of his long sleeves met like a muff, so that his hands could not be seen at all. And his blue silk robe hung almost to his ankles. It was a fine robe, for Kang Hui was the grandson of a prince. He lived about thirty-five years ago in the last period of the Chinese Empire.

"What is the ornament for?" he asked his mother.

"It is to be a gift to the Empress," she answered. "You know that the dragon is the sign of power and the symbol of the emperor. When we go to the palace you will find that nearly everything is decorated with dragons. They are carved on the furniture and painted or embroidered on the screens and robes."

"I should like to meet a dragon," said Hui, "a real live one with a long tail. Have you ever seen one, mother?"

"Very few people have seen dragons," his mother replied. "One day, many years ago, an Emperor, the Son of Heaven, did. He was returning from a journey and stopped at the temple of the black dragon.

" 'I wish to speak to the mighty creature for whom my noble and illustrious ancestors built this temple,' the Emperor said. And he went to the spring near the temple, for the dragon lived in the spring.

"There on a rock beside the water a little snake was coiled.

" 'Is this the dragon?' cried the Emperor. "But I expected something great and magnificent!'

"As he spoke, the snake slipped away, and there was a fearful roaring and boiling in the spring.

" 'Perhaps this is what you expected,' hissed a dreadful voice. And out of the spring came an enormous claw. It was so huge that everyone bowed down in terror.

"Now when you see a little snake, my son, you must remember that it may be a dragon in disguise."

Hui looked again at the ornament. "I saw a beast like this at the Feast of Lanterns," he said. "It was so big that it nearly frightened me, but my honorable grandfather told me it was not a real dragon. There were twenty men inside it. It writhed and twisted as they went along, just as if it were alive."

His mother put the ornament away carefully. "You will see many images and paintings of dragons soon," she said. "I have a surprise for you." She held up a piece of yellow silk with black Chinese characters painted on it.

The Chinese do not have an alphabet. They have many characters or signs, and each one stands for a word. When they want to write, they use a brush instead of a pen, and paint the characters on a piece of paper, or sometimes on silk. Of course the

silk is more expensive and it is not used so often.

"The fifth day of the fifth moon," Hui's mother went on, "is the time of the Dragon Boat Festival. Her Majesty, the Empress, has invited me to go to the summer palace for the celebration, and she has requested that I take you with me."

Hui was delighted. He had always known that some day he would go to the palace, because his mother had been made a Guardian of the Cocoons, which was a very honorable position. But he had not expected that the day would come so soon.

"Her Majesty is quite severe with anyone who is not polite and proper," said his mother, "so we must prepare for the ceremony."

Hui felt a little shiver run down his spine. He had heard that the old Empress was strict and harsh, and there were so many rules of etiquette in China. What if he should forget one of them!

His mother practiced with him over and over again, until it seemed as if he could go through

the forms even in his sleep. Then he was anxious for the festival day to hurry up and come.

The Chinese year begins in February instead of January, and it is divided into moons instead of months. That makes the date of their festivals vary somewhat from year to year just the way Easter does. But the Dragon Boat Festival comes in June, usually about the tenth.

EVERYONE in Kang Hui's household was up early that morning, and it seemed to Hui that his mother would never be ready. It took so long for her maids to dress her hair and trim it with jewels and flowers.

But at last even the tiniest ornament was in place, and their chairs, and those of their escort stood before the door. They were fine green chairs with long wooden poles for the bearers to lift them. Hui's mother started first, and the men who carried her chair fairly ran along the stone-paved road. Then Hui's chair was picked up and he started out on his first visit to the summer palace.

It was a warm sunny day, and before long the many houses, temples and gardens that made up the palace, came in sight. It was like a little city, set among the hills. The chairs were carried

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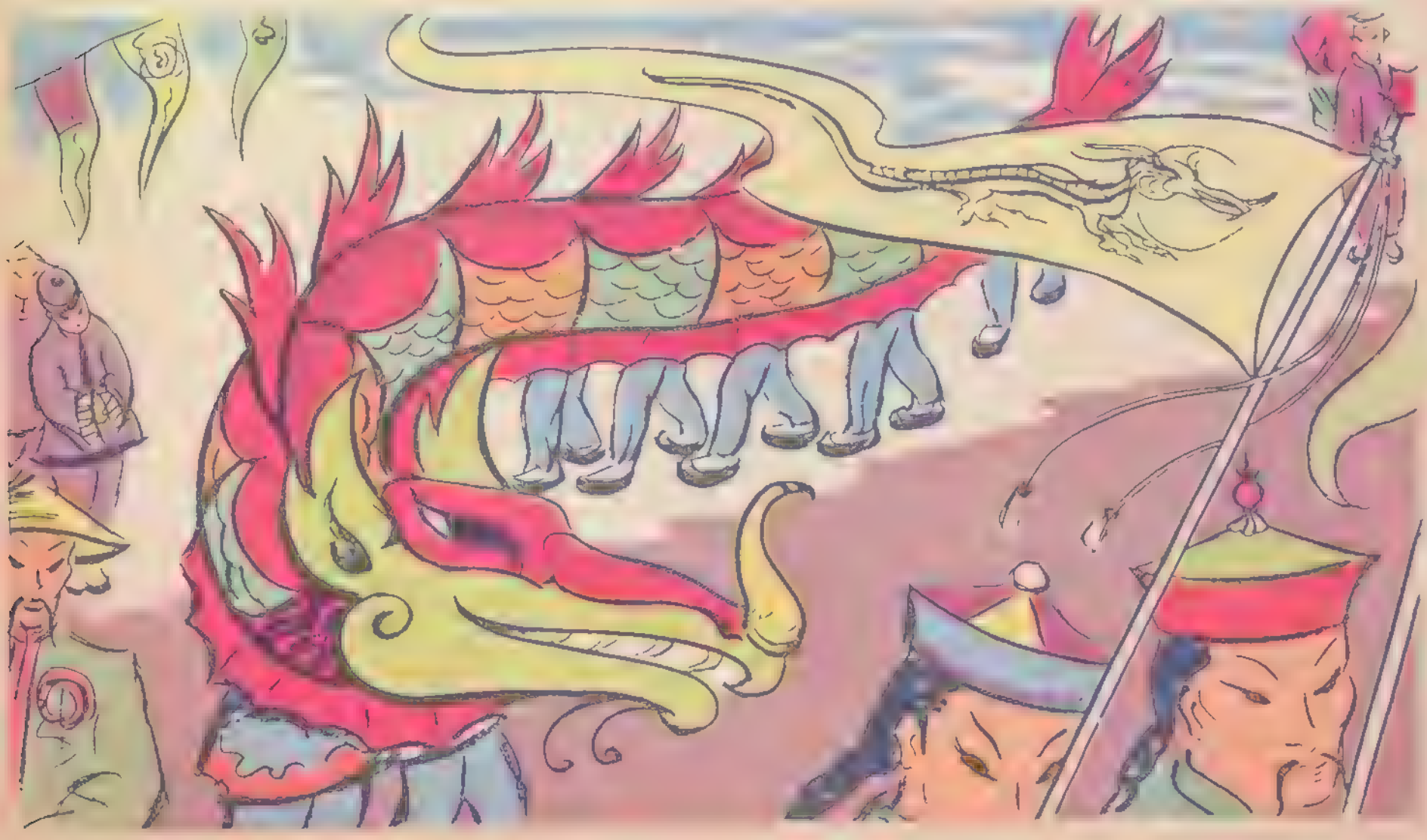
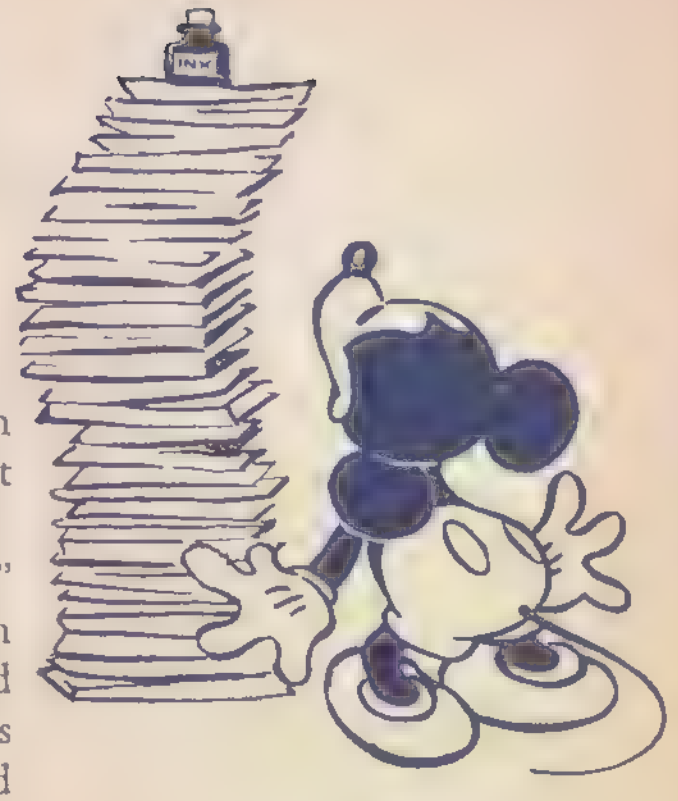


LETTERS to the EDITOR



Dear Mickey and Minnie,
Dear Clarabelle and Donald,
Dear Walt Disney:

I can't wait for your story *The Brave Little Tailor* to get to the Paris movies.

I like your magazine a lot and I hope your magazine comes to Paris all the year. I kiss you a lot.
x x x x

Bunny Rose
Paris 16, France
Age 5

Dear Mickey:

How are you? I myself have just got over the measles and the weather here is not very nice. It is impossible to go out and play. But having your magazine helps to pass the time. I enjoy it so much.

Last summer I went to England and Scotland. There were so many interesting things and places to see. I would like to go back some day. Please give Minnie my regards.

Lawrence Cupik
Mimico, Ontario
Age 9

Dear Mickey:

The best present I ever had is the Mickey Mouse Magazine, for it is not one present but twelve! Every month a new one is dropped into my mailbox and oh boy! you should see the rush to get it!

Tell Donald that fighting will get him no where except to be laughed at!

Patricia van Wass
New York City
Age 11

Dear Mickey:

I like your magazine very much and can hardly wait until the next one comes.

I read "Gardens Without Soil" and filled two coffee cans with sand and a little saltpeter (I did not forget to make two tiny holes at the bottom) then I planted zinnia, petunia and lupine seeds. When I am big I want to be a farmer and plant many things.

Eberhard H. Bareiss
Livingston, N. J.
Age 6

Dear Mickey:

I like your magazine very much. I only saw one of them but I got so many laughs out of it that my mother told the person she works for and he sent in a subscription for a year and boy! am I happy. I wish you would write me a letter because I don't get many. I have a little cold and am not allowed to go out. My favorite hobby is reading.

Maxime Marshall
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Age 10

Dear Mickey:

I live in the Argentine with my Grandpa. My mother and father are spending their holiday in the States and they send me the Mickey Mouse Magazine. I go to school and I am in the second grade. Good-bye.

Douglas Alexander
Buenos Aires, Argentine
Age 7

Dear Mickey Mouse:

I live on a farm in the country. I think the country is better than the city because there is more to do. For pets, I have one cat. My brother had a cat named Fuzzy but he died with the mange.

Jean Livermore
Boyborough, Mass.
Age 10

Dear Mickey:

I have a lot of fun reading your magazines. I am saving them for my children in case you do not have them anymore then. We received a little kitten for Christmas as well as a radio and other things.

Elizabeth McMahon
Sharon, Mass.
Age 9

Dear Mickey Mouse:

I like your magazine very much. I have a little brother that I read it to. He likes it as much as I do. My Grandfather who is 80 enjoys it too. Donald Duck is very funny.

Susan Fox
Scottsville, Va.
Age 9

NOTE: *For my letter see Just Between Us.*

Mickey

THE PLANET MARS

By Dorothy Bennett, Assistant Curator, Hayden Planetarium

THE most interesting planet is surely Mars. It is more like the earth than any other world we know. It is only about one-half the width of the earth but it is much farther from the sun than the earth is. It is 4,000 miles wide and 141 million miles away from the sun.

Clouds occasionally float in the Martian air but they may not be the bearers of rainfall. Water may be imprisoned in the shining polar caps but on the other hand they have been considered congealed carbon dioxide, hoarfrost or even a hanging bank of fog.

Like the earth it has day for the sunshine side and night on the side of the planet away from the sun. Like the earth it turns upon its axis each 24 hours and so has day and night one after the other. Like our planet it goes round the sun but takes nearly twice as long for the journey. Its year is 687 days and our year is only 365 days. As the year goes by, the seasons change on Mars the way they do on earth. The sun shines beyond the north pole, then beyond the south pole. There is summer, fall, winter and spring, but each season is longer than our seasons.

The polar caps expand and contract with winter and summer. As each shrinks with the coming of summer a great wide band develops at its base. Perhaps a sub-polar sea forms from the waters of the melting polar caps. So it was suggested by certain early observers of Mars. Yet recent investigations indicate very shallow polar caps and therefore it does not seem likely that great expanses of water would form there.

From a drawing by Antoniadi, the great French astronomer, who has studied Mars through the largest refracting telescope on the Continent.

Coincident with the shrinking of the caps and the appearance of the so-called seas, is the increased prominence if fine tracings over the planet's face. Some would suggest that here was a natural system for the distribution of water: melting ice, overflowing seas and a network of channels to the far corners of the globe.

There is air upon Mars, too, but the air is thinner than the earth's. We couldn't breathe it. It is colder on Mars too. We couldn't stand the cold because the warmest day on Mars is like a winter's day on earth. There might be plants there, but we are quite sure that there are no animals like elephants or tigers or even people.

The earth has just one moon but Mars has two. Our moon takes a month to go round the earth, but one of Mars' moons goes around three times in a day.

In July 1939 Mars will be quite close to us. It should be easier to see the markings on its surface and learn more about it at this time. Yet even at its closest it is 35 million miles away. No wonder then that there are still things we do not know about this neighbor world of ours!

PETER THE FARM DETECTIVE

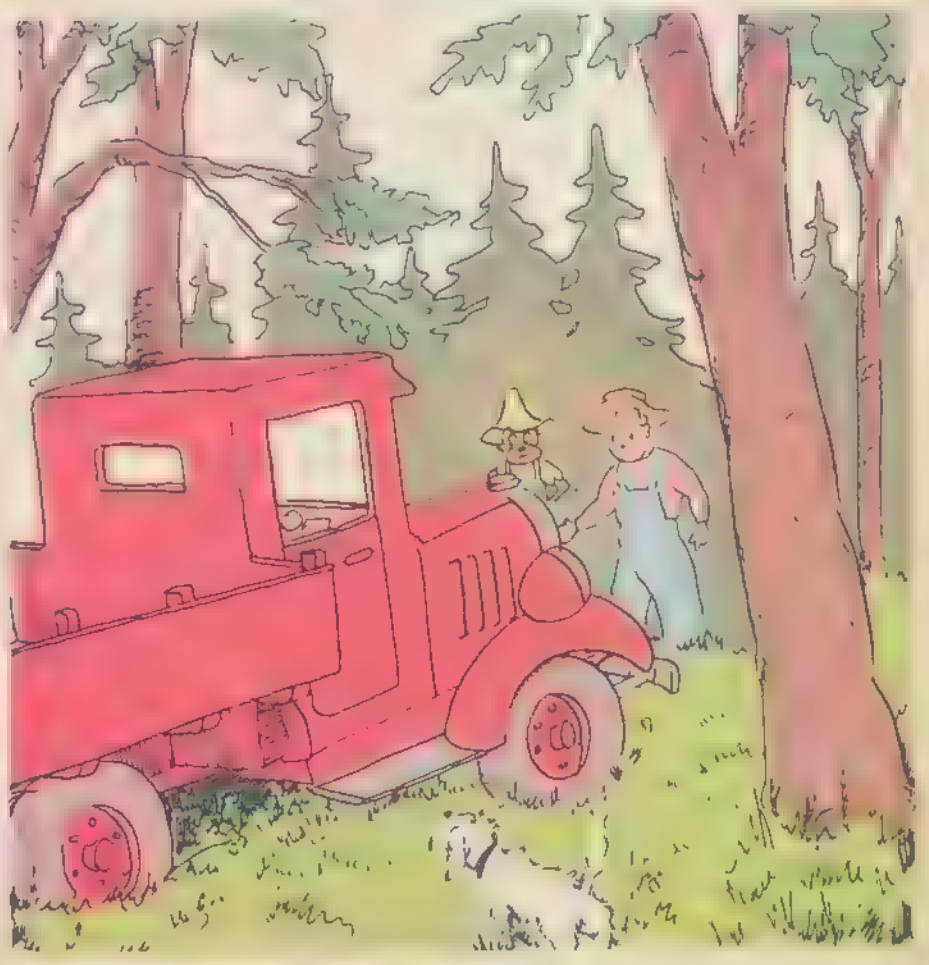
IT WAS a hot day so Peter and Watson decided to go for a swim. They slung their swimming trunks over their shoulders and took a short cut through the woods. That pleased Nosey. He loved all the trees.

"Look at that, Watson!" exclaimed Peter, pointing to the tracks of automobile tires. "How do you suppose a car could pass through here—and why?"

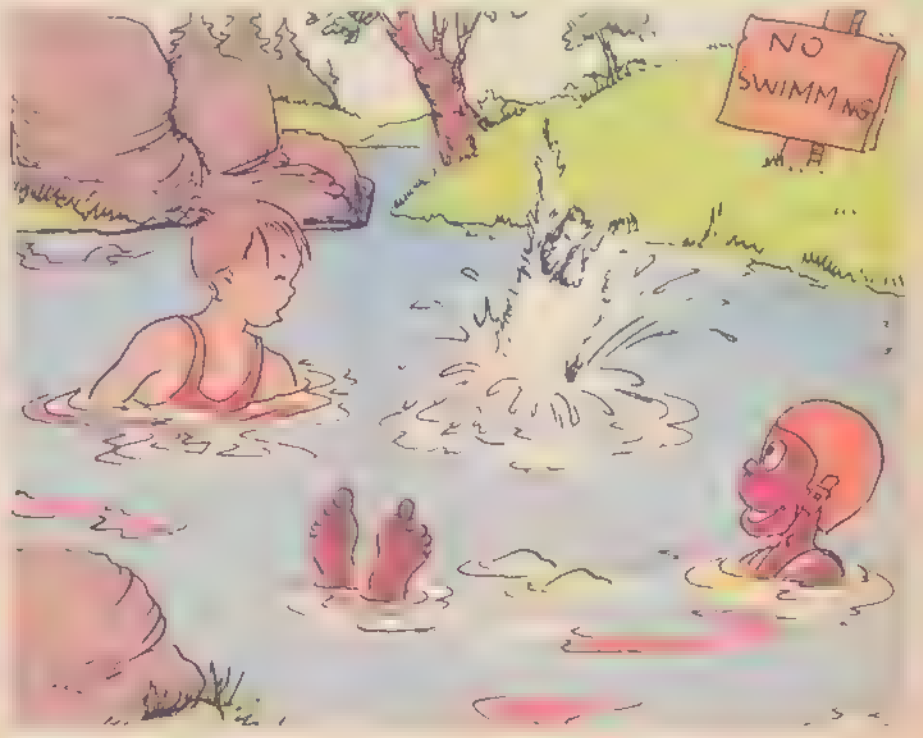
"Couldn't say, Boss," Watson grinned. "You always knows de questions and de answers all by yo'self!"

"It looks as though it came in from the direction of the main road," said Peter, forgetting his swim. "Let's follow and see where it leads us."

"Well, bless ma soul!" exclaimed Watson under his breath when they rounded a thicket and came upon an old truck. "It'd like to take de wind outa me!"



"Looks funny to me too!" said Peter. "People don't go around driving cars into the woods and leaving them there. Lend me that pencil, Watson. I'm going to write down the license number. If there is anything to this, they were pretty dumb not to take off the license plates!"



Later, while Peter and Watson were splashing around in the cool water of the quarry, the Sheriff telephoned and left a message with Peter's mother asking him to drop in the next day.

So bright and early the next morning Peter pushed open the door of the Sheriff's office.

"Hello!" he boomed when he saw his young assistant. "Can't seem to get along without you any more, my boy! Sit down."

"What's up?" asked Peter, getting excited.

"Somebody broke into the General Store night before last and made a pretty clean haul! So far I haven't even a clue!"

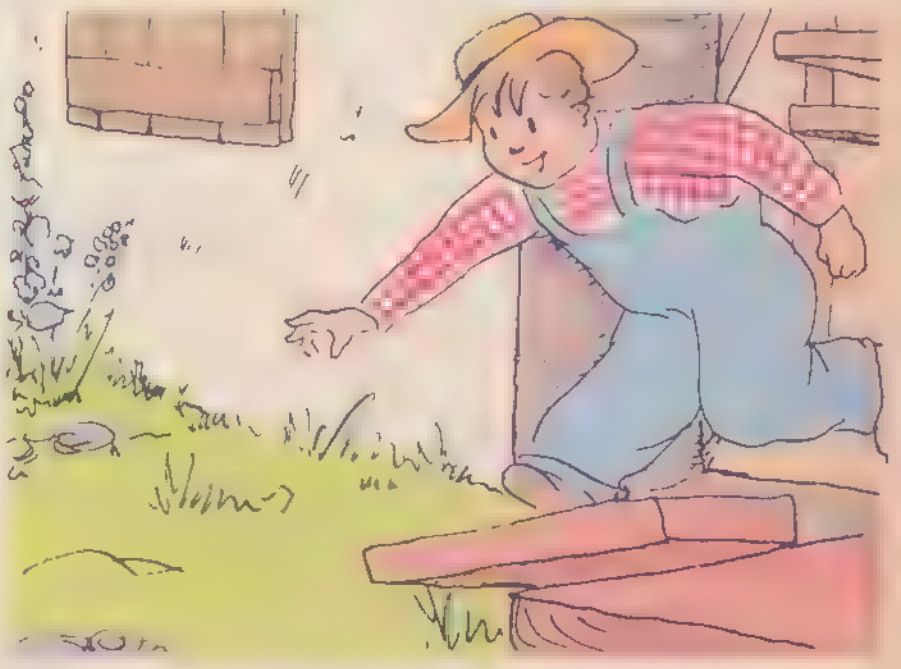
"You don't imagine this could have anything to do with the truck Watson and I found in the woods yesterday?" Peter asked himself as much as the Sheriff. And then he told him the whole story and produced the license number.

In no time the Sheriff knew who the truck belonged to and they jumped into his car to ride over there.

"If you don't mind," suggested Peter, "I'd like to pick up Watson and Nosey on the way. They might be useful."

So it was that a carload of first-class detectives drove up to the old mill house three miles out of town. It was shut up tight and there didn't seem to be anybody around. After banging on the door for some time the Sheriff reached in his back pocket and pulled out a bunch of skeleton keys, and in no time the door opened as easily as though it were his own house. They searched every room from top to bottom but found nothing.

Peter went to the window to look for Nosey and saw him on the side of the slope. He was very excited about something, sniffing and scratching around a fresh mound of earth.

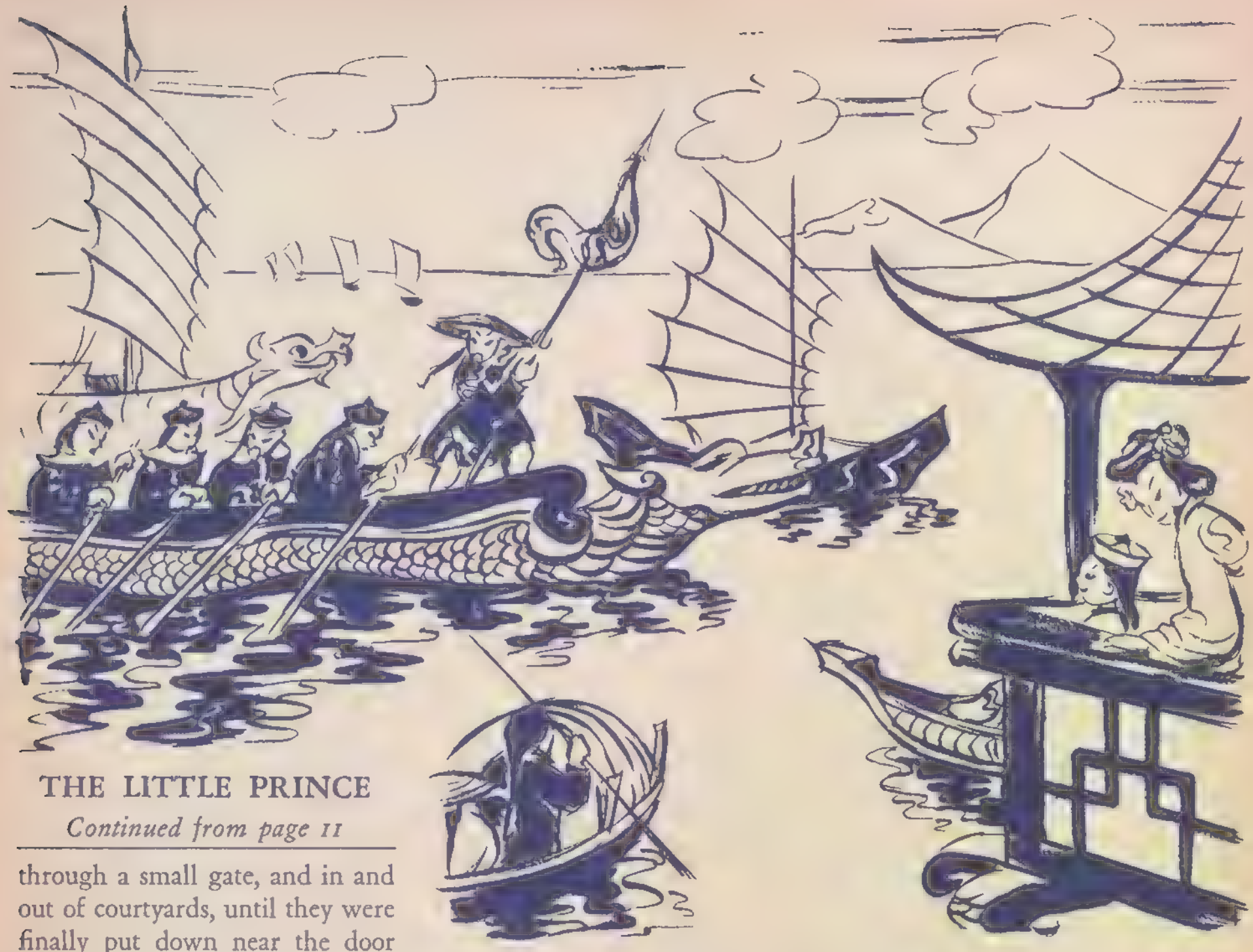


"Come on," shouted Peter, rushing out of the house. "I have a hunch that what we need is a couple of spades and not a bunch of pass keys!"

They found shovels in the tool house and set to work. It didn't take long to dig up the loot. There was even an old cracker box filled with money from the till.

"Fine work, Peter!" said the Sheriff. "But our job's not done until we get our man!"

To be continued



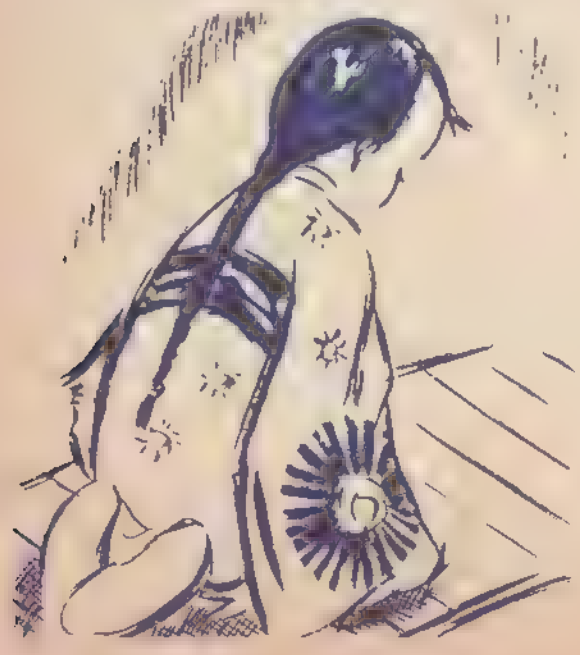
THE LITTLE PRINCE

Continued from page 11

through a small gate, and in and out of courtyards, until they were finally put down near the door of the throne room where the Empress was to greet them.

Hui and his mother stepped into the long hall among a great many beautifully dressed ladies and a few children. He was still looking about in wonder when he felt his mother push him gently toward the throne. Suppose he should forget something!

The room was very still. Hui could almost hear his heart beat



as he knelt and touched the ground three times with his head. But suddenly in the midst of his bows there was a great clanging and chiming. Had he done something wrong? He half-raised his head, and then he realized what it was. The Empress had a fondness for unusual clocks. There were eighty-five in this room alone, and they had all begun to strike at once! So Hui completed the ceremonies with perfect politeness.

He had not raised his eyes to the face of the Empress. But as he stood up and withdrew from her presence, she moved her hand and he noticed how small it was, with fingernails almost as long as the fingers themselves.

It was time for the festival to begin, and the whole procession moved out of the throne room and across the courtyard to a terrace that overlooked the water. Everything was gaily decorated, and there were huge satin umbrellas to protect the ladies from the heat of the sun.

But best of all were the boats! Some of them were painted to represent dragons, and others had dragon heads at their bows. The Empress herself went out on a barge and Hui and his mother were rowed out in a small boat. There were boat races to watch, and they could be seen much better from the water. Hui took sides in every race.

"I want the red boat to win, mother. Oh, why don't they go faster! There is such a fine prize for the winner."

He wished that he could row in one of the racing boats.

And when some of the water sports were over, there were all kinds of delicious things to eat,

and there was weird music from the flutes and tom-toms.

"Do you know why we celebrate the Dragon Boat Festival?" Hui's mother asked him.

Hui had been having too good a time to think about history, but he listened quietly while his mother told the story.

"Many hundreds of years ago," she said, "there was an Emperor who did not govern his people wisely. His minister, Ch'ü Yüan, was a great statesman, and he begged the prince to reform and follow the good example of his ancestors.

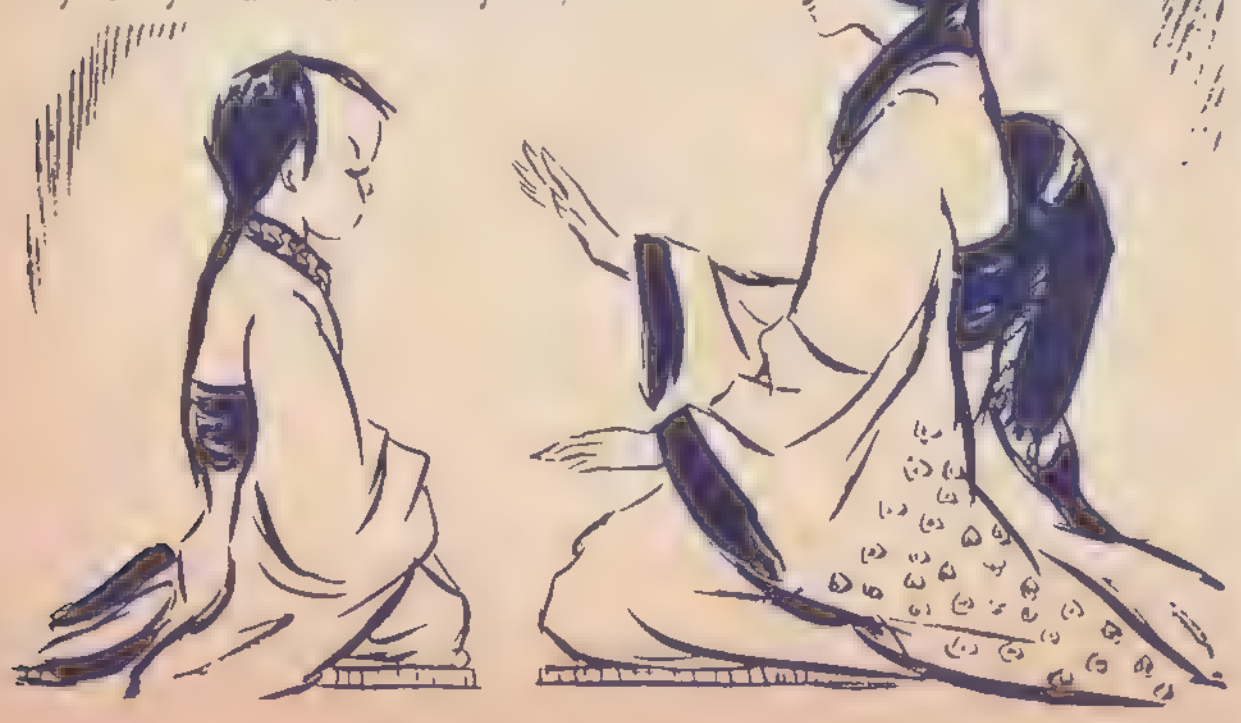
"But the prince refused to listen to him and the affairs of the country grew worse and worse. At last when the minister's advice had been rejected many times, and he saw that there was nothing he could do, he wrote a sad poem about all that had been happening. Then he went to a lake and drowned himself.

"And ever since that time, people have gone out in boats on this day to try and find his body. And they have put food on the water for his spirit. We eat this rice, cooked in banana leaves as a special tribute to his memory."

Another race had begun while she was speaking, and Hui leaned forward to watch it. He couldn't help feeling that these real boats were more exciting than the story of the honorable dead statesman.

But in the evening when little lamps were lighted and set on the water, he thought of the story again. He was allowed to light one, too, and it floated off from shore, making a glimmering spot of color on the surface of the lake. It was fun to watch the tiny lamps float away and to think that on every river and lake in China, other boys were watching their little lights glide down the stream, just the way he was now.

The courtyards of the palace were gay with Chinese lanterns, but Hui was so sleepy they were just a blur before his eyes. He didn't even care about seeing the display of fireworks, and when the Empress sent a servant to carry him to his chair, he was fast asleep. But the Dragon Boat Festival continued into the night.



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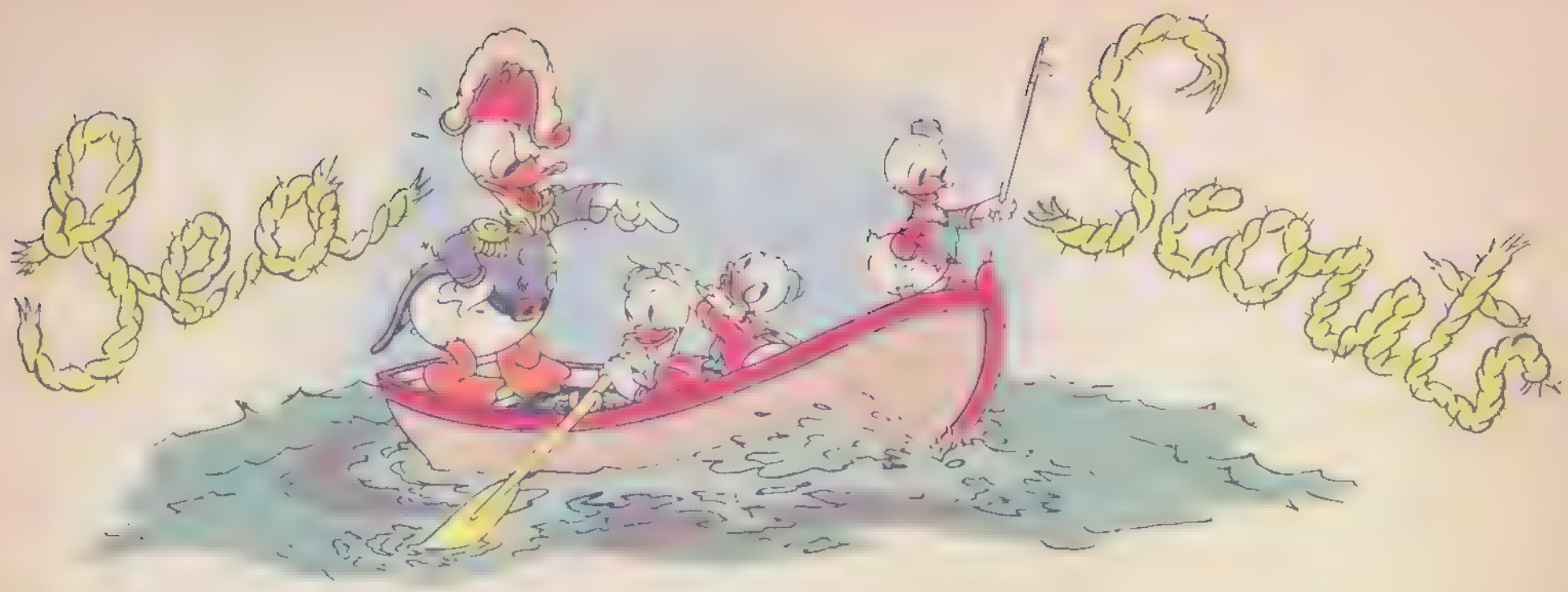


DONALD Duck and his nephews were going out to sea. How proud the three young sea scouts were of their new suits! How handsome Donald looked in his beautiful big Admiral's hat with its snow-white ostrich plume and his fancy uniform with four shiny brass buttons down the front.

"Heave Ho! Heave Ho!" he cried from his place in the stern of their dory, while Huey and Louie pulled on the oars in regular sea scout style and Dewey kept watch in the bow.

As Donald blew a sharp blast on his whistle, the sea scouts awaited the command.

"Port your helm," the Admiral cried. Obeying promptly the little sailors swung the dory sharply around to the left and pulled up along side a trim white yacht. The excited sea scouts clambered aboard and lined up to salute the Admiral as he stepped on deck.

"*Attenshun!* Hoist the anchor!" Donald commanded.

The little sailors clicked their heels and saluted. "Aye, aye, sir!" they chorused. Grasping the winch bar they started to wind in the anchor rope. Suddenly they stopped. The rope would not move another inch; something

was holding it under the water.

"Well, what's the matter? What's the matter?" asked Donald as the little sea scouts struggled and pulled at the anchor. Before they could reply, the winch snapped backwards, and they sprawled all over the deck.

"Avast there, you swabs!" Donald cried as he brushed them aside and strode up to the winch bar. "Watch an old salt do it!" He spit on his hands, gave the bar a flip with his fingers, and began winding the anchor. How easy it was!

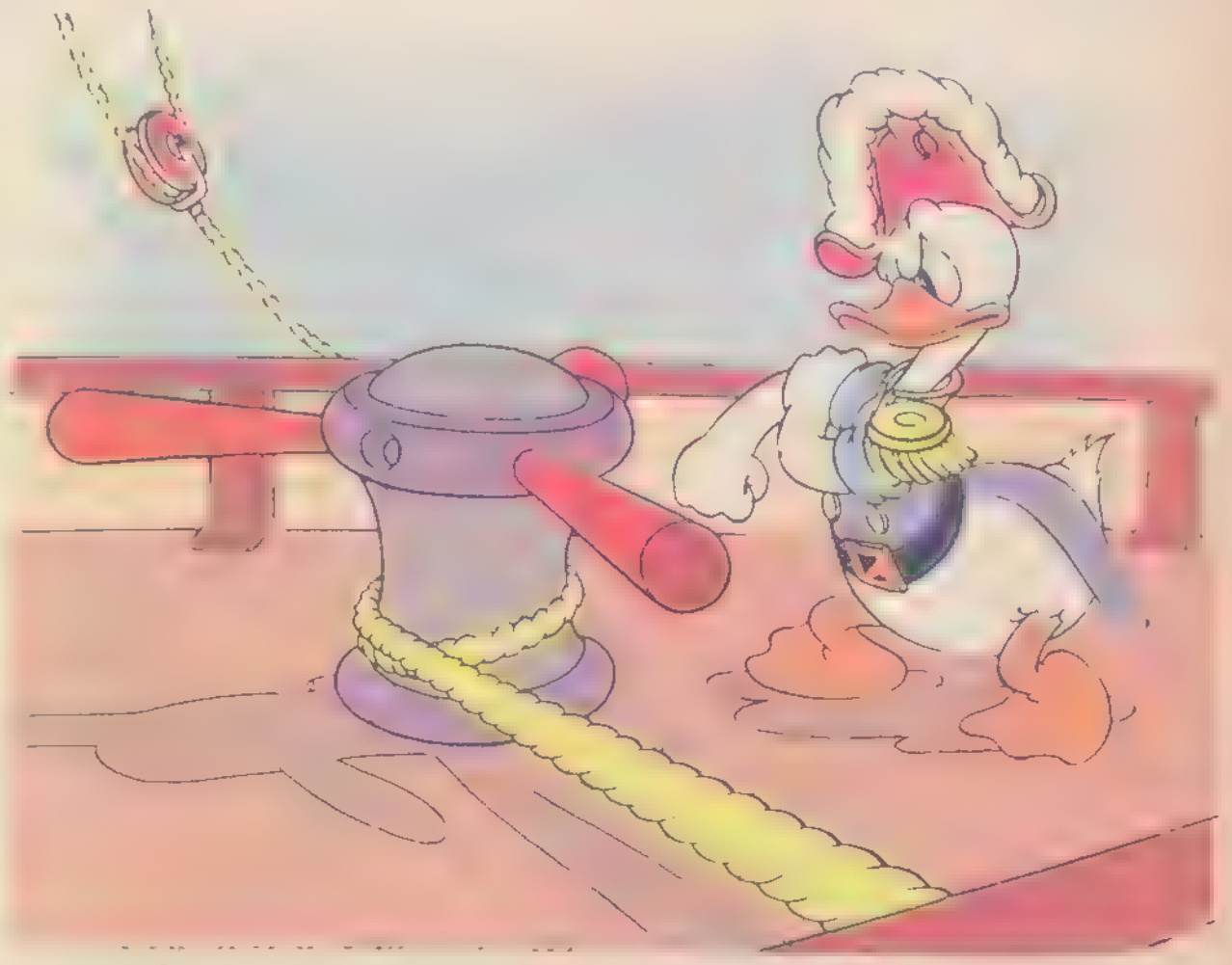
But the anchor caught again because it was hooked under a big rock deep down in the water. Donald pushed and pushed at the winch bar, but it could not move. He stopped to wipe his brow. Whu-r-r! Around flew the bar and down fell Donald on his hands and knees. Round and round came the loose winch bar, thump, thump, thump on Donald's chin. He tried to get up. Thump! Again the flying bar knocked him down. Needless to say this proved very exasperating to Donald.

"So, you want to get rough, huh!" he shouted, rolling up his sleeves and giving his trousers a hitch. This time nothing would stop him. He seized the bar and began to wind with all his might. Again the anchor caught on the rock beneath the water, but there was no holding Donald now. His eyes were only fastened on the anchor rope. He did not see that the bow of the boat was sinking beneath the waves, the stern rising in mid-air. He did not see his nephews clinging to the mast in fright. He was so intent on winding the rope, that he sank below the surface of the water and didn't even know it.

He saw a fish swim over his head. "That looks like a fish," said Donald, "—flying fish," he added after a second thought. Then he saw a turtle, "There's a flying turtle," he said. Suddenly he stopped winding. "A flying turtle!"

"Wow!" he yelled, as he finally realized where he was!

He let go the bar in dismay and the minute he did—Whoosh! The bow of the boat zoomed up out of the water throwing Donald so high that he hit the top of the flagmast.



Crack! The round top of the mast broke off, and down on the deck came Donald, the mast top, and the ship's flag. How the little sea scouts laughed to see their haughty Admiral sitting there, the flag wrapped about his head, the round mast top in his hand, looking for all the world like a Hindu fortune teller!

Donald was furious!

"Get to work. Hoist that sail!" he shouted.

"Aye, aye, sir!" The nephews scrambled to the mast and began to pull the rope, but they did not know when to stop. Up went the boom, up, up, until it was almost at the top of the mast. At that moment Donald saw what was happening on deck.

"Lower the boom," he cried.

"Aye, eye, sir," said the little sailors once again, letting go of the rope to salute. Crash! Bang! The rope slipped through the pulley and down came the sail, boom and all, burying Donald beneath it!

By the time Donald finally untangled himself from the sail, he had decided to do the hoisting himself. "If you really want anything done, you have to do it yourself," he muttered in disgust.

As he raised the sail, the wind caught it, and the boat plunged forward. Suddenly the boat pulled back with a jerk. The mooring rope was holding it tight. With a splintering crash, the mast broke loose, flying off into the air, and, as the rope that held it began to uncoil, Donald felt himself jerked forward and carried out over the water. His foot had caught on the rope and there he was, dangling in space.

"Help! Save me! Save me!" he cried, swinging back and forth through the air like the tail of a flying kite. Then to his horror he

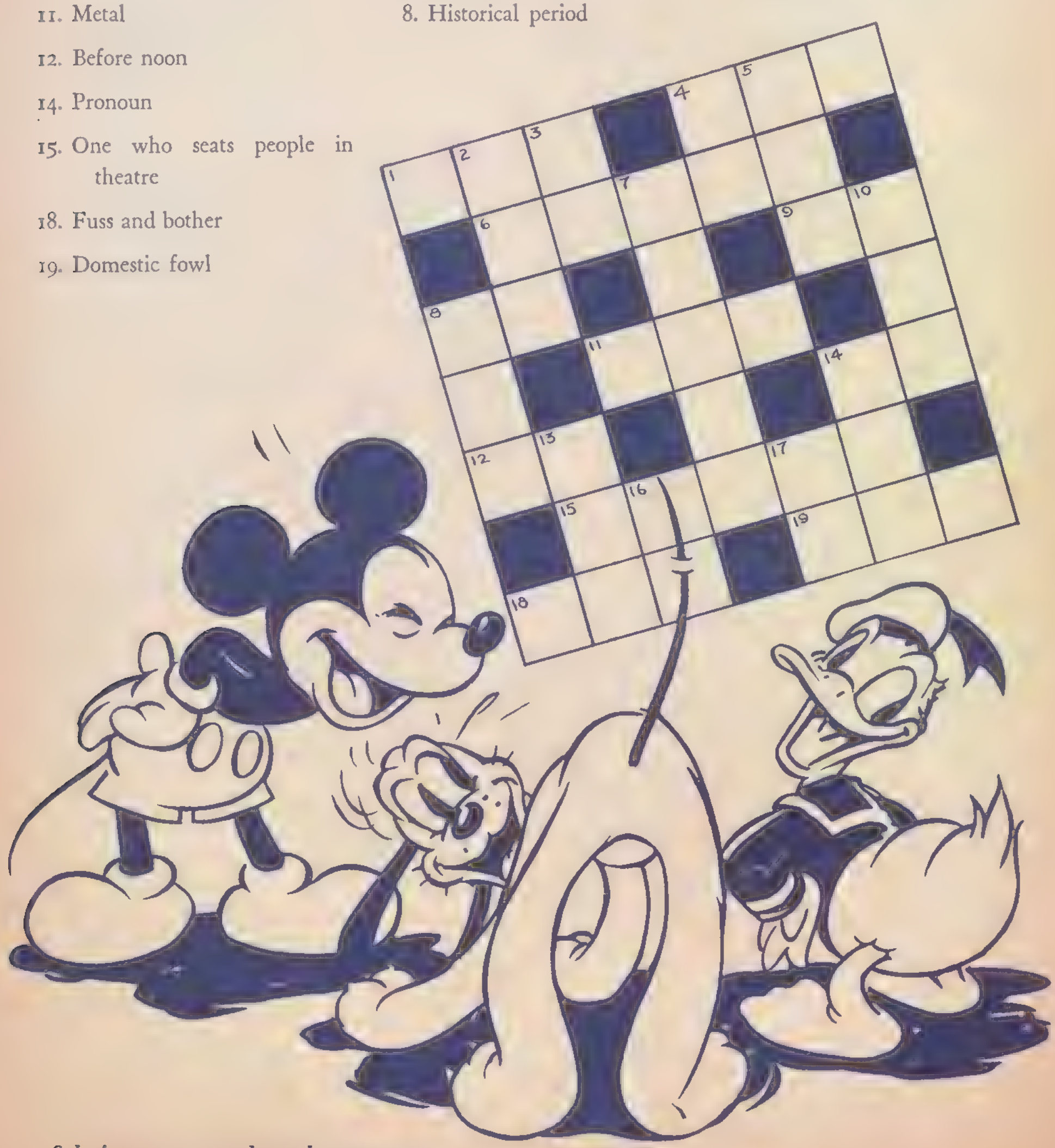
Continued on page 22

ACROSS

1. Where you sleep
4. Way dogs drink
6. Wanderer
8. Short for Edward
9. Baby word for Daddy
11. Metal
12. Before noon
14. Pronoun
15. One who seats people in theatre
18. Fuss and bother
19. Domestic fowl

DOWN

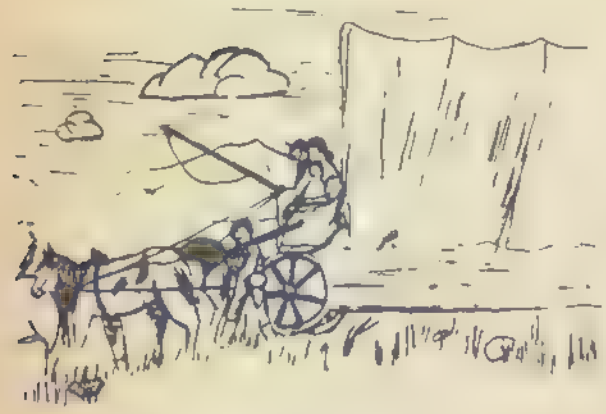
2. Limit
3. Perform; carry out
4. (Musical) 6th note of octave
5. Operation in arithmetic
7. Third month in the year
8. Historical period
10. Drawing and painting
13. Earth and water mixed
14. Anger
16. Thus
17. Inquiry of surprise



Solution to crossword puzzle on page 29

Here in the stairway so deep and tall
Here in my hand is a red rubber ball.
Now I make it go hippity-hop.
Now I bounce it away up to the top.
Now it comes down again clip-pity-clop.

Loela H. Stevenson
Aruba, Netherlands
West Indies
Age 6



Kimiko Mihara
Seattle, Washington

Very early on a warm Spring day
I saw two birds flying this way.
One was a husband and one was a wife,
Coming here to start a new life.
They built a nest out of mud and straw
And very soon, guess what I saw
Lying in the nest so new?
I saw three eggs shiny blue!
When they were hatched
You can guess what I saw—
I saw three little birds
Cuddled in the straw!

Rober Delancy
New Castle, Pa.
Age 10

Gloria Myrtle Johnson
Los Angeles, Calif.
Age 5

In the World's Fair there will be found
Buildings square and buildings round,
And every avenue or lane
Has some unknown funny name.

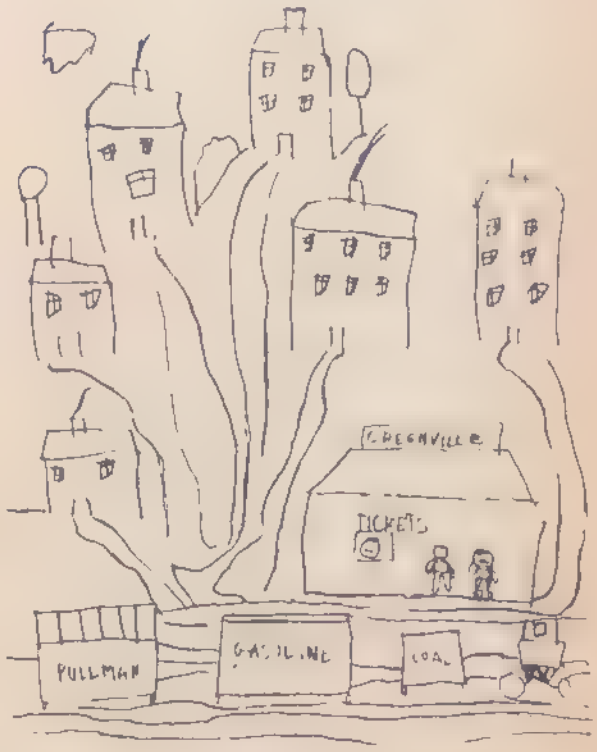
A statue of Washington tall and immense
And pictures on buildings which do not make sense,
All sorts of buildings for all sorts of things
And food which I'm sure would delight any king.

From different nations folks will come
To enjoy the Fair which is full of fun
Children and grownups all will like
The New York World's Fair's wonderful sight.

Helen Anderson
Flushing, N. Y.
Age 12

Dear little pink roses
Pushing up your yellow noses.
How I wish I were you
So I could bathe in dew!

Audrey Lindsay
Detroit, Mich.
Age 9



Howard I. Levison
New York City
Age 8

This is YOUR PAGE. We are always interested in printing verses, stories, plays, little accounts of something you have done, or something that has happened to you—and of course drawings—and please make them in black ink on plain white paper. Everything you send must be original and your name, address, and age must be plainly written at the bottom of the page.

We will consider your submission of contributions to this page as permission that they be printed.

Continued from page 19

saw that his beautiful white plumed Admiral's hat was gone. It was far below him, floating on the water.

"Let me down!" he called. "I want to get my hat!"

"Aye, aye, sir!" The little sailors frantically let out the rope and Donald began descending to the surface of the water. But what was this!

A big shark emerged from a wave, catching Donald's hat on his head as he did so. He saw Donald dangling above him and opened his awful jaws.

"Stop!" Donald screamed, clambering up the rope, "Pull me up! Pull me up!"

The nephews let go the rope to salute. "Aye, aye, sir." They quickly turned to grasp the rope again but it was too late. With a whirring noise the rope flipped through the pulley and out into space.

Down into the jaws of the shark fell Donald, but bounced right out again in terror. His fright was so great that he climbed frantically through the air till he reached the broken mast and sail that were flying around above like a giant sea gull.

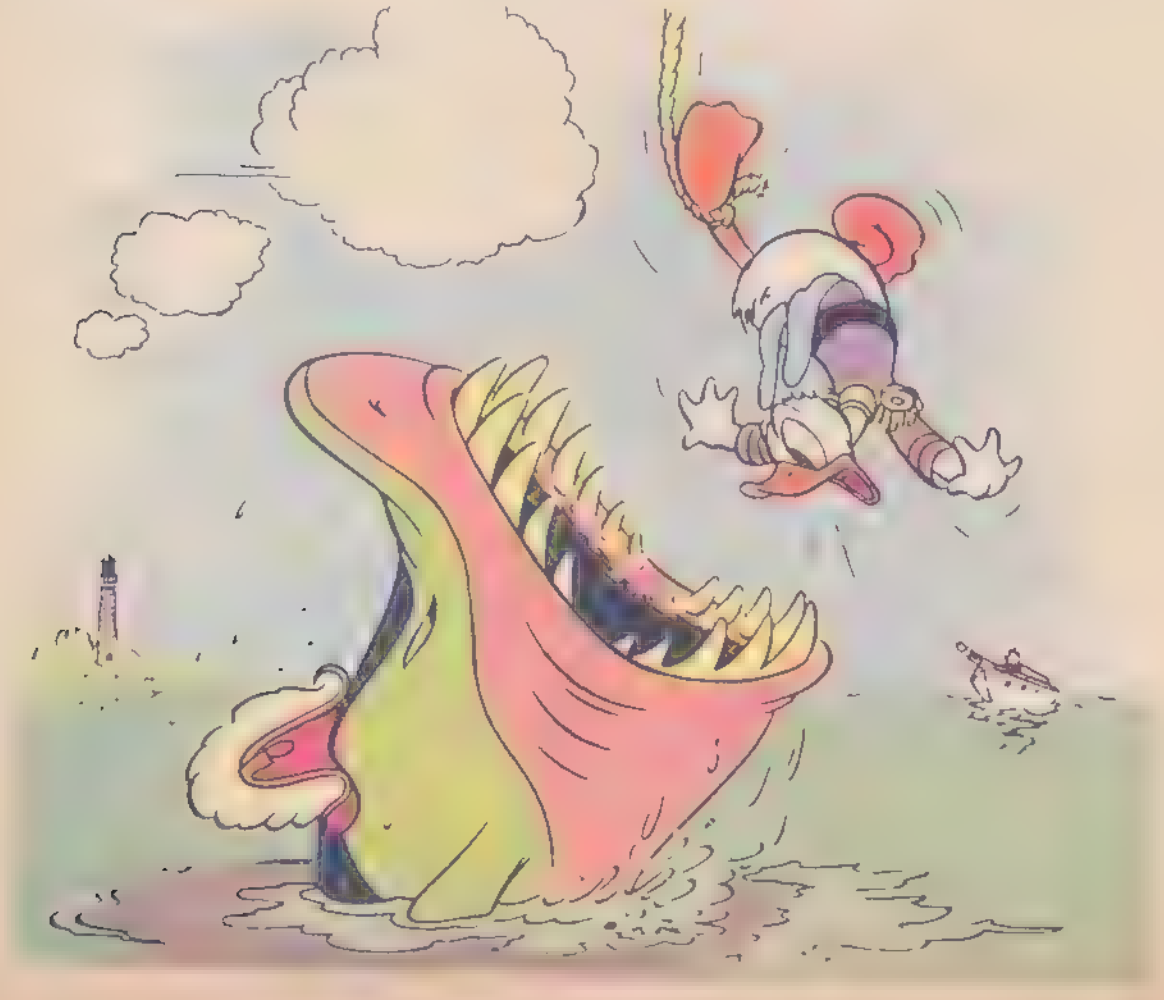
Huey, Dewey, and Louie clambered into the dory. Huey and Dewey were so excited that they both grabbed the same oar. Louie, standing in the bow, was waving a big rubber life preserver. "We'll save you, Unca Donald!" he called and threw the life preserver into the water. "Jump!" he cried.

But as the would-be rescue party waited for Donald to jump, the hungry shark came up from under the water right beside them.

"Jiggers!" Dewey yelled, and without even a backward glance at his poor uncle the frightened little sailors rowed away for dear life.

Donald had not seen the danger. Splash! He jumped from his perch and landed in the life preserver, only to find himself again face to face with the shark!

Then a mad chase began! Into the air leaped Donald, clinging to the life preserver, but he was back in a moment, this time grabbing his precious hat which still reposed on the shark's head. Again the flying Admiral leaped clear of



his ferocious foe and zipped over the water like a racing hydroplane. He raced out toward a raft covered with an audience of sea gulls who were eagerly watching the chase. The gulls flew to the nearest exit as Donald leaped for safety, onto the raft. But the shark was close behind.

Cru-u-u-nch! The shark's big sharp teeth came down on the raft so hard that they took a huge bite right out of it. The force of the blow caused the raft to tip upward so suddenly that Donald was thrown once more into the air. The shark now had the Admiral where he wanted him!

The ugly jaws snapped as Donald fell, but the shark's teeth closed upon something hard and slippery. It was the life preserver, with Donald in the middle. Shake as he might the shark could not get Donald out of his ringside seat. Then suddenly the rubber life preserver snapped free and Donald was thrown head first against the side of his yacht. His once gorgeous hat was squashed down over his eyes. Though stunned for a moment he removed the bedraggled head piece and gazed in horror at the ruins. This was too much. Once again the brave Admiral took command. He lost all fear!

"That's the last straw!" he raged, as he swam right *TOWARD THE SHARK!*

Little did the shark know with whom he was dealing now. Rearing up in the water the outraged Donald struck the finny monster with his bare fist.

Zowie! The shark flew backward through the water, striking a distant bell buoy. Clang! It struck, just like the bell at the end of a prize fight. Donald had won.

The greatest maritime engagement in history was over and very soon all that could be seen was the stern of the dory and the battered, but victorious figure of Admiral Donald Duck receding into the distance, the three little sea scouts dutifully pulling at the oars.

BOOK REVIEW

THE road gang were eating lunch beside the cement mixer out in Iowa when little Burney exclaimed, "Look! Turnin' in from the Brunswick cut-off!" They all looked and then they all stared. A large and dignified elephant, with one of those covered seats the Hindus call "howdahs" on its back, was strolling down the paving at about eight miles an hour.

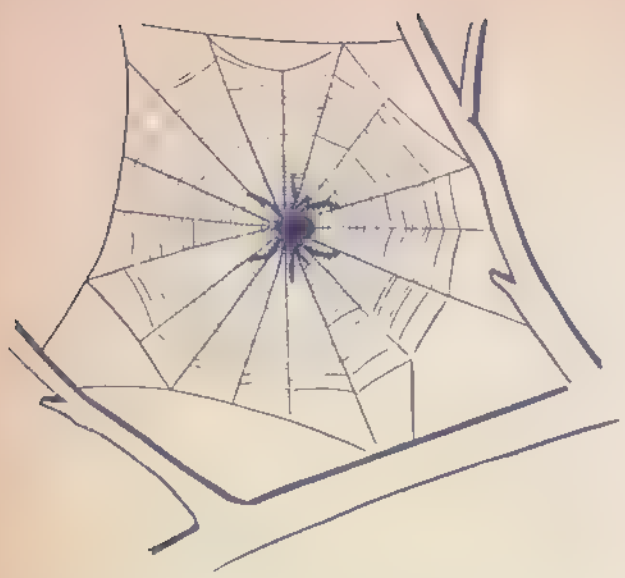
The Hired Man and his particular elephant came together on the Swyers farm shortly afterwards and forthwith determined to stay that way—with the help of two "onery" small boys. Even Aunt Mertie, the plump housekeeper, welcomed this adaptable addition to the animals on the farm—along with One, Two and Three, the wonderful poodles of the Morton *Dog Without Ponies* Show. The only dissenter was Mrs. Dengler, the local fun prohibiter. She was a pretty strong-minded woman and it took all the townsfolk, including the mayor, the city marshal, the proprietor of the quick lunch and the entire child population to down her!

All of Phil Stong's books are a special treat for children who live in big cities, because all of his stories take place in a small town in the middle-west and because he knows how to take you in and make you so familiar with everyone in the town you feel as though you've lived there all your life. Probably that is why his stories are so popular with young readers everywhere. There is real magic in his simplicity!

Another wonderful story by Phil Stong, your old friend, who wrote Honk: The Moose, and High Water and Young Settler and a lot more books you probably know about.

And Doris Lee has made the illustrations which are beautiful and funny at the same time. Altogether it makes a book you'll not want to miss.

THE HIRED MAN'S ELEPHANT, written by Phil Stong and published by Dodd, Mead & Company, New York City, costs $2.00.



HERE is a book boys and girls will love. Bobby is a boy who wants to know a lot of things and so he is spilling over with *questions*. The Old Professor seems to know everything and he is crammed full of *answers*. The questions Bobby asks are natural ones which are of interest to children of all ages. And what's more children of all ages will understand the answers because they *make sense*. The text is clear and simple and matter-of-fact.

A few of the things Bobby and his friend the Old Professor discuss are *Electric Wires, Lost Mountains, Flying Dragons, Spiders and Webs, The First Redmen,* etc. Do you know *why* a duck can swim when a chicken sinks? Or what a maple leaf actually is? The Old Professor can tell you that too.

This book will also be a valuable one for parents and teachers who seek to make their answers as simple and direct as the question constantly fired at them by their children.

SO THAT'S THE REASON! is written by R. Ray Baker and published by The Reilly & Lee Co., Chicago. It costs $1.00.

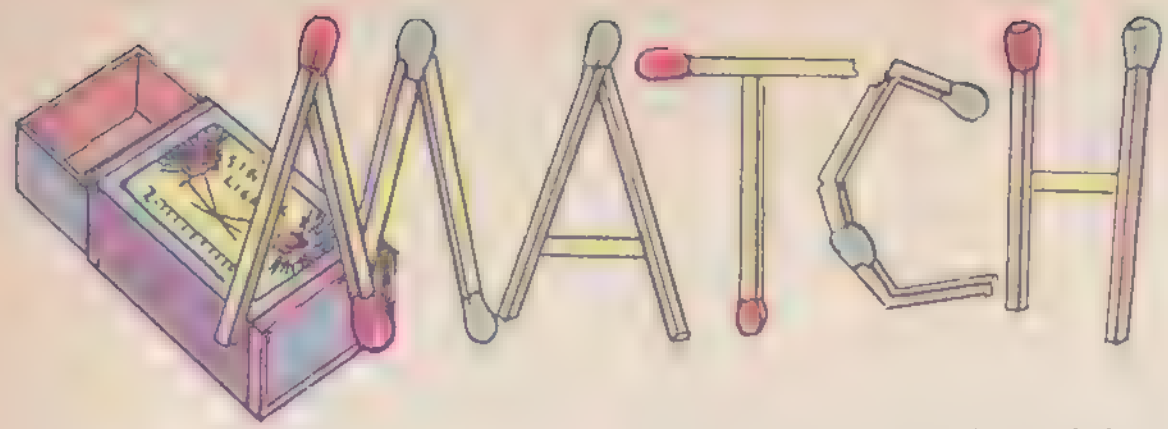
EVERY child welcomes a book of short stories, and it usually is a handy thing to have around just before bedtime. If you liked *Mr. Bobbity's Crust* and *Dunderpate,* then you'll love these homey tales about such things as a duster or a shoe box or a goose-feather gown. And one of the stories is called nothing more or less than *A Very Fine Morning!* But then there's one other we must mention and that's the one about the wishing Nix that Martha Toozle caught in a bottle, and another very funny one called *The Twitch-Ear Family.*

Altogether there are fifteen amusing stories just long enough for young children to read for themselves and exactly not-too-long for reading aloud.

The book is generously sprinkled with entertaining line drawings and silhouettes by Mary Baker, running along as a happy accompaniment to her sister's stories.

Margaret and Mary Baker live with their mother in Herefordshire, England, in a curious house over 300 years old. They began when they were quite small, Margaret writing stories and Mary drawing animals. And they have never stopped. Margaret scribbles on her long walks through the hills but most often writes her stories in the old garden. Mary works in her studio at the end of their long living room. And between them they manage to put something of their charming life into their books.

FIFTEEN TALES FOR LIVELY CHILDREN, written by Margaret Baker, is published by Dodd, Mead & Company, New York City, and costs $1.75.



MATCH BOX

HOW about using up the old matchboxes? You'd be surprised at all the things that can be made with them—houses, barns, windmills, and even furniture for your doll's house. You will need glue, pins, scissors, and a piece of wrapping paper, and of course, all the safety matchboxes you can get a hold of. Sometimes a few paper clips are useful, too, but they aren't absolutely necessary.

Once you have collected your tools and materials, we can get to work. Let's pretend we are in Holland first, and make a windmill. It requires two matchboxes, three pins and a piece of the wrapping paper.

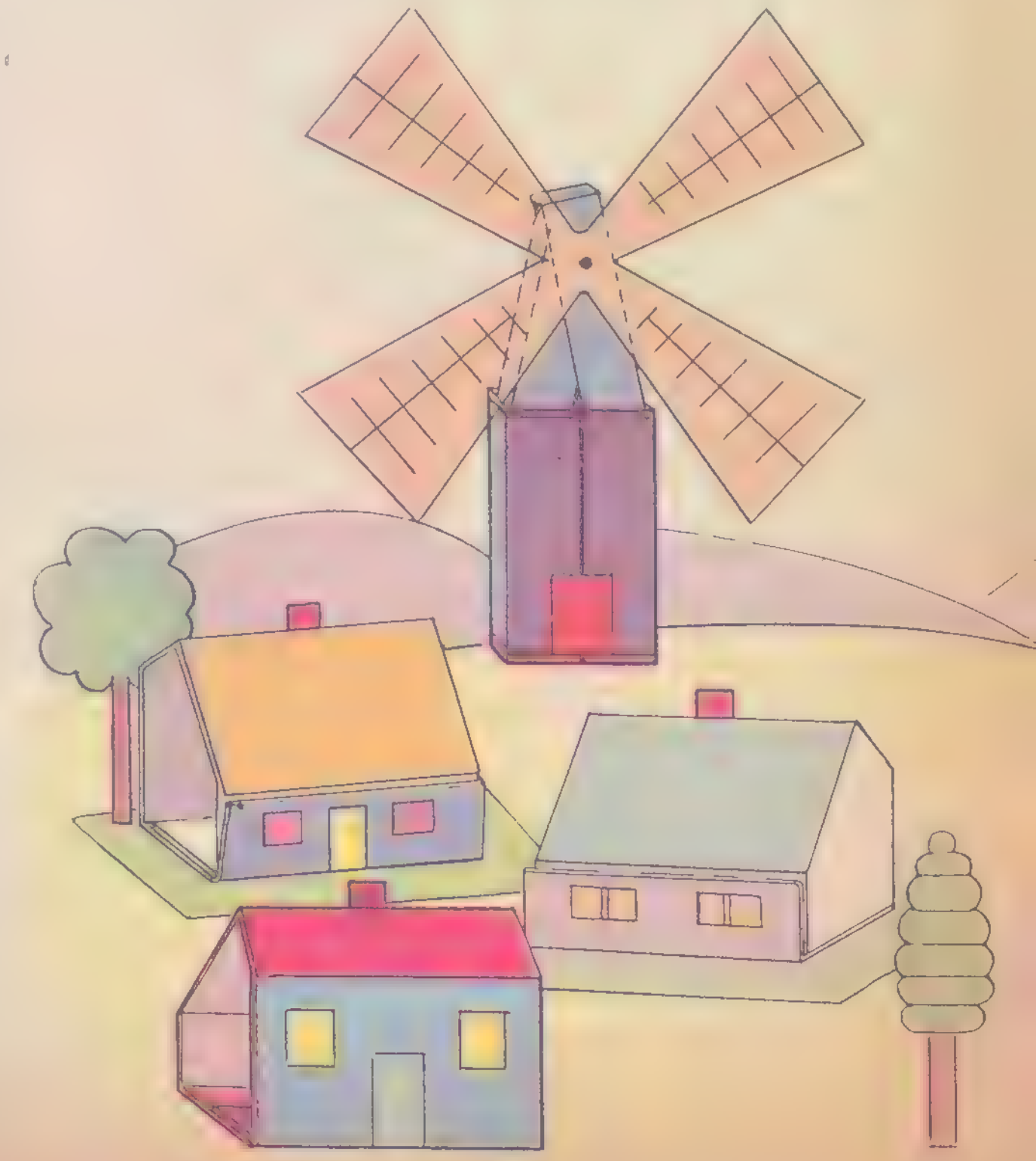
Take the trays out of the matchboxes, and stand the two outside parts on end, facing each other. In most cases you will find that there is a printed label on only the top of the box, so if you glue the two tops together, your mill will not have advertising on its walls.

Coat the entire box top with glue, and hold it against the top of the other box until it sticks firmly. While the glue is hardening, you may make the sails for the windmill. Take a piece of paper about seven inches square, because you want each sail to be about three and a half inches long, and about two inches wide at the outside edge. Make a dot in the center of your square, three and a half inches from all sides. Then take a pencil and draw your sails, like those in the picture, and cut them out. But don't cut the four sails apart. They will work better if they are left joined together in the center.

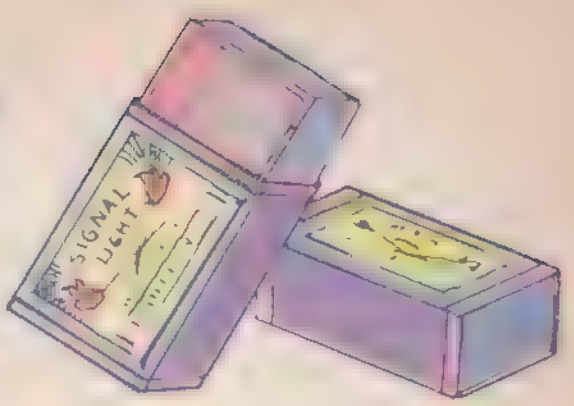
By this time the glue is hard, and your mill is ready for its second story. Windmills are usually smaller at the top than at the bottom, so the two trays will do very well to finish with. By stretching one, very gently, you can make it big enough at the top for the top of the other to fit inside. Put them together facing each other, so that the bottoms are out, and the open parts of the boxes are together.

Now insert the lower end of each tray in the box cover opening, just far enough that it will stand up, only a fraction of an inch will hold it. Stick two pins through the outside of the boxes, through both box and tray, and the upper story of your mill will be held firmly in place.

The windmill must have a door

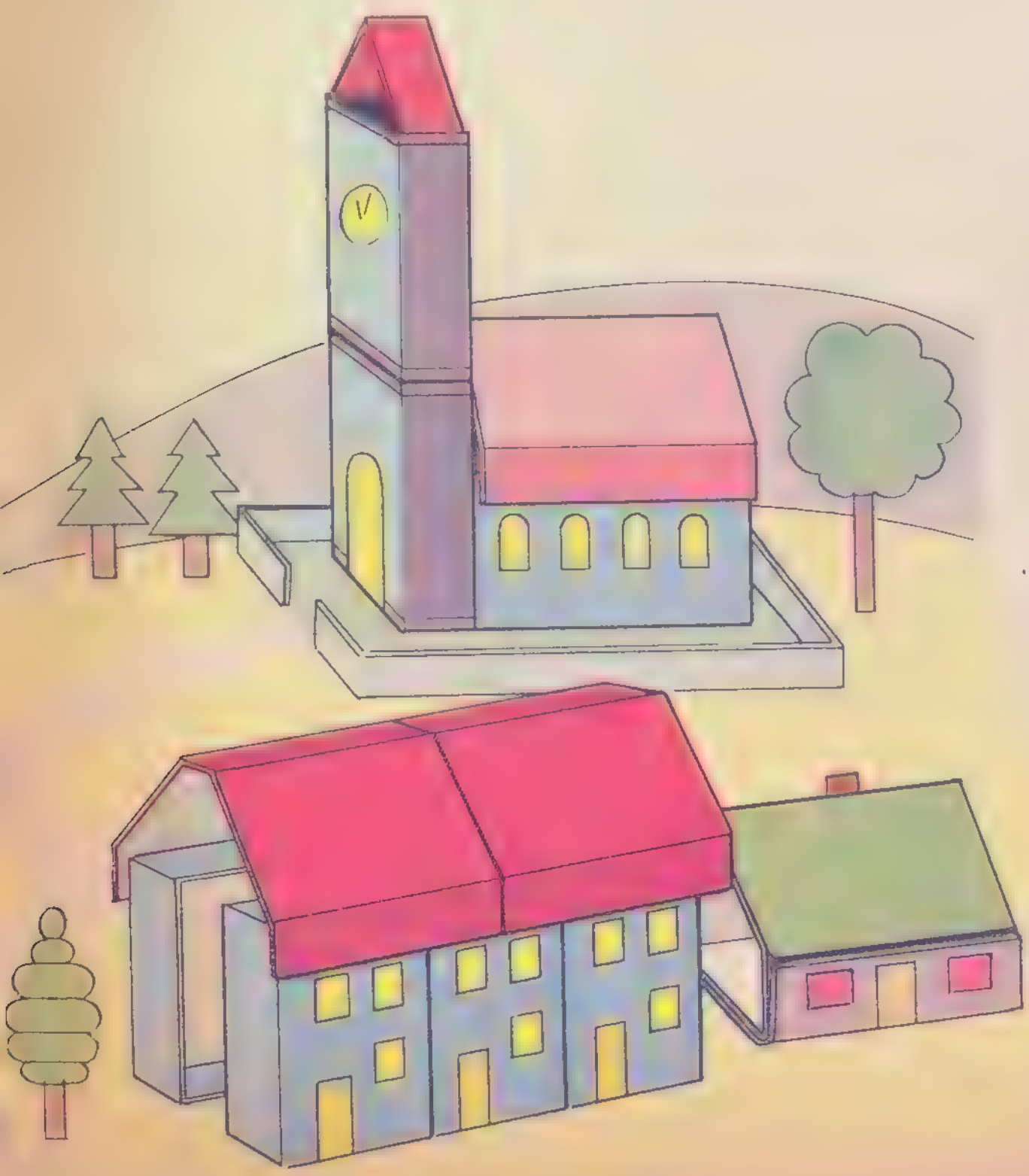


VILLAGE



for the miller and his wife to go in and out. You can make one by gluing a small piece of paper on the front of the mill (the side of the boxes used for striking matches).

The sails should go on next. Stick a pin through the dot in the center of them, and then through the top of the mill where the two trays fit inside of each other. Now your windmill is finished.



THE easiest kind of house to make is a tiny one called a *salt-box* house, because the roof slopes down much lower in front than in back, like the lid of an old wooden salt-box. The outside of one matchbox makes most of this house, but to complete the house, another box is needed for floors and side walls.

This time the printing on your box will have to show, because it forms the outside of the long, sloping roof, but if you have a paint-box or some crayons, you can blot it out, and make a pretty red or green roof.

Take the outside of the box and examine it carefully. You will see that on one side, the thin wood it is made of is two layers thick. If you carefully insert a knife or scissors blade between these two sections, you can separate them without breaking.

Now the bottom of the box is the back of your house, the striking section is the back roof. Stretch the box a little, and the top will slope down low for the front roof. Then the second striking section is the front of the house.

Take the outside of a second box and cut off the bottom, leaving the top and the two narrow sides. This top is to be the floor of the house, and the sides will glue on to the first box—one along the front coming as high as the low roof, and one across the back.

Now use the bottoms of the two trays for side walls. You will have to draw the line of the roof on them, and cut them to fit the two open sides of the house. If you cut them carefully, they will fit tightly enough to stand up without glue. It is a good idea to draw in the windows before putting up the sides.

If you like, you can finish the house by gluing on a tiny paper chimney.

A large house can be made by

Continued on page 29

Wise Quacks

Edited by Donald Duck

A little girl was visiting in the country. She had never seen a live turkey, and when she saw one spread its tail, she cried: "Oh! Grandma, there's a big chicken in blossom!"

George Olfson
Chicago, Ill.
Age 8

A little boy watched his mother take a pill and asked her what it was. She told him a strychnine pill and he sighed:

"Oh! dear, now you'll be stricter than ever!"

Joan Shepherd
Denver, Colo.
Age 9

Donald Duck: What's that soapbox you've got there?

Nephew: That's my car, Unca Donald.

Donald Duck: And that herring on the back?

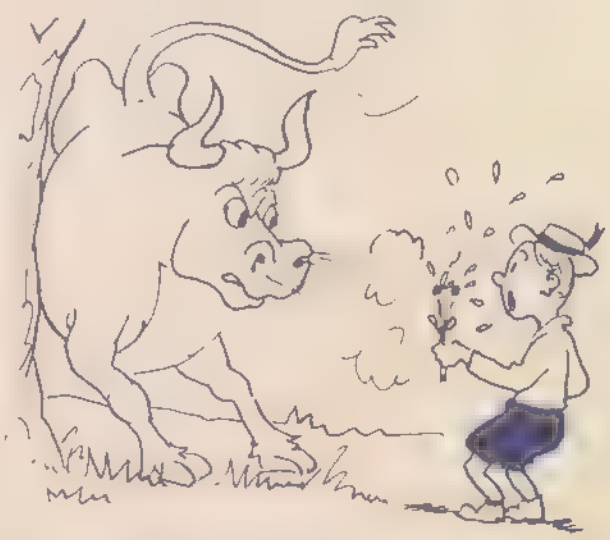
Nephew: That's the *stink*, Unca Donald!

Gordon Schnewlin
Beauliestr. 33
Berne, Switzerland
Age 16

Sam: Who gave you dat black eye, Mose?

Mose: Nobody! I had to fight for it!

W. J. Hunter
St. Louis, Mo.



A little boy was racing down to his grandfather's cow pasture with an armful of flowers and was followed by his mother shouting and waving her arms. His grandfather asked what was the matter, and his mother cried:

"Oh! Father, please explain to Herman that your bull's name is *not* Ferdinand!"

Russell Bernhardt
Passaic, N. J.
Age 12

Peggy and Peter were watching the gardener spray an apple tree with lime.

"I wonder what he is doing," said Peter.

"I know," Peggy cried. "He's making a birch tree out of it!"

Robert Amy
Glendale, Calif.
Age 7

Mother: Why are you rubbing soap on your lip?

Little boy: I want to have a nosebrow like Daddy's!

Aller Hodgins
Macdonald College
P. Q.
Age 8

Proud Englishman: Our trains have very few collisions.

Man from small country: We never have collisions on our road.

Proud Englishman: Really! How is that?

Man from small country: We only have one train!

Ronald Rhodes
Portland, Oregon

Mother: Now remember there's a ghost in that closet where I keep the cake.

Johnny: Funny you don't blame the ghost when the cake disappears! It's always me!

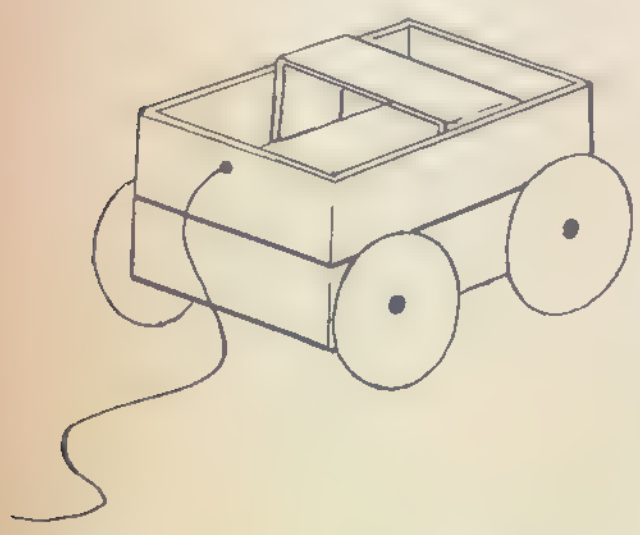
Meyer Liberman, Jr.
New York City, N. Y.

Send your joke in today—which is your permission for us to print it—and don't forget to give your name, address and age. You may win a prize! Address your letter to DONALD DUCK, Editor, 1270 Sixth Avenue, New York city.

MATCH BOX VILLAGE

Continued from page 27

using a number of matchboxes. Stand three trays on end to make one wall, and glue their sides together, so that they hold firmly. Then use the outsides of two boxes



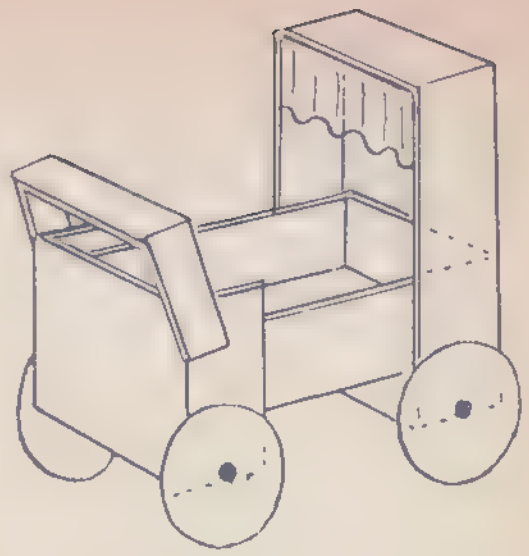
for the roof. You will find that the two boxes used lengthwise, are just a tiny bit longer than the three trays used endwise. But that is quite all right, because it gives you a slightly overhanging roof.

Separate the double side of each box cover carefully, just as you did for the last house. Now the striking side that remains uncut is the ridgepole of the roof. The top of the box slopes out on one side, and the bottom on the other. Then the striking section which has been cut can be glued to the wall on each side.

To make this house stand up firmly, use three more trays as a floor, inserting each one in the base of the trays that make the walls. Another tray or a piece of paper, can be used to make the end walls. And if you like, a wing or garage may be added by gluing two matchboxes together, and attaching them at one end of the house.

It is fun to take a large sheet of wrapping paper and mark out roads with a crayon. Then you can set up your houses and color green lawns around them.

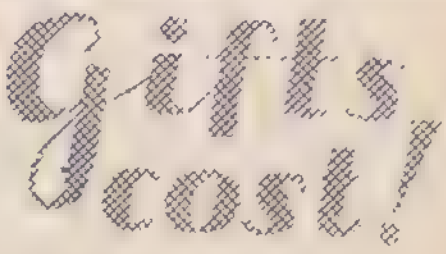
IF YOU have a doll's house, you will find that matchbox toy furniture is easy to make. For instance, two box covers, standing on end, with a tray glued between them, make a bed. A tray and a half make a chair, the tray for the back and the half for the seat.



See how many things you can make up yourself—a table, a bench, a flight of stairs. Or perhaps you could build a church or some shops for your village. Don't be impatient if it doesn't look right the first time, you will get better and better as you go along.

Solution to crossword puzzle

1 B	2 E	3 D	■	4 L	5 A	P
■	6 N	O	7 M	A	D	■
8 E	D	■	A	■	9 D	10 A
R	■	11 O	R	E	■	R
12 A	13 M	■	C	■	14 I	T
■	15 U	16 S	H	17 E	R	■
18 A	D	O	■	19 H	E	N



Graduation, confirmation and many other gift occasions come at one time. It is impossible to anticipate them all and one must send rememberances no matter how they strain the family budget. The required extra cash is easily available if you will follow our suggestion and

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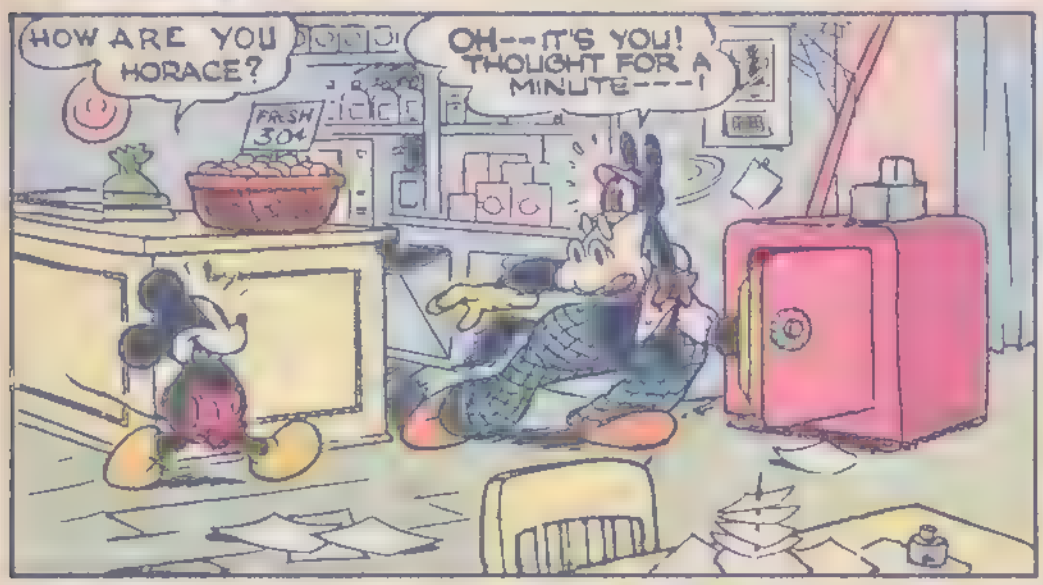
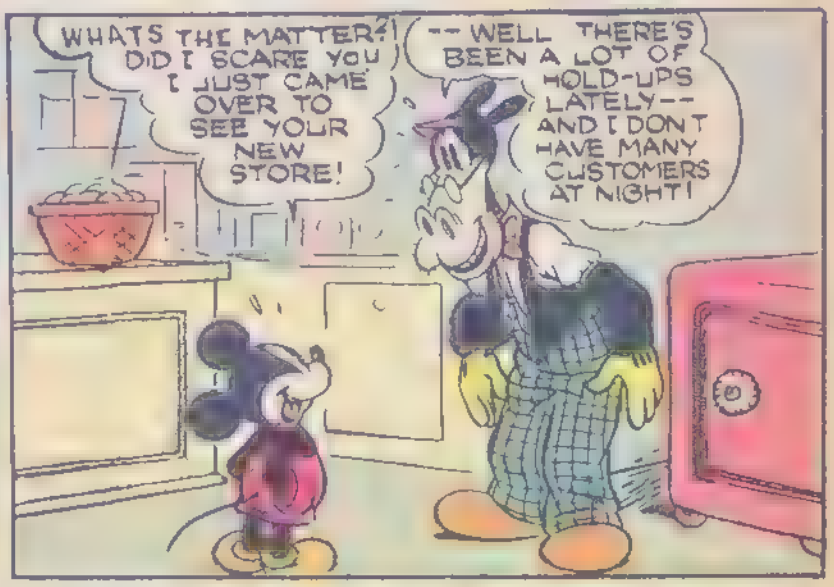
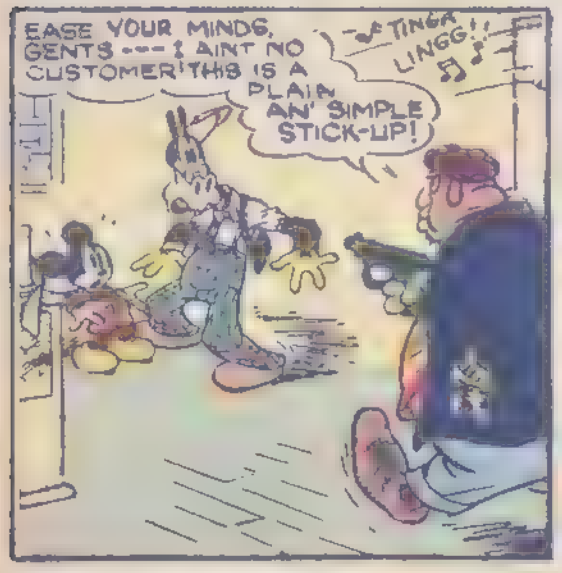
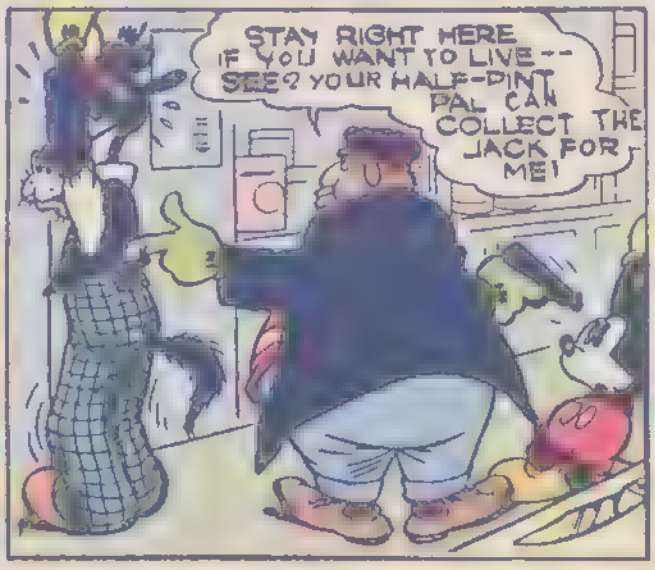
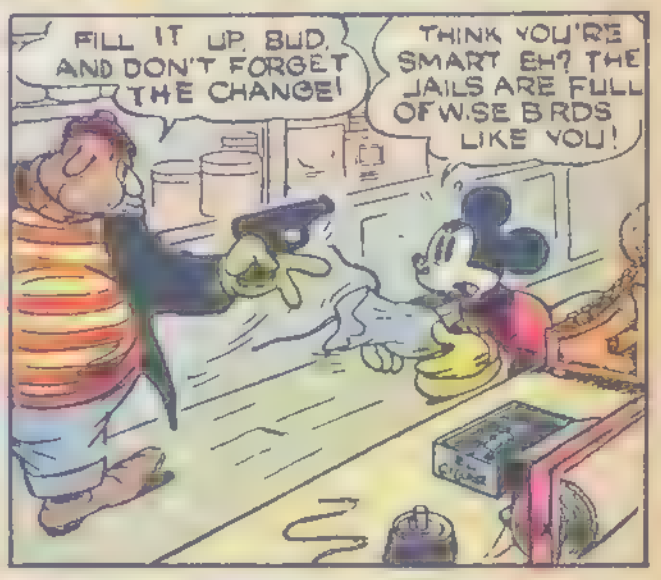
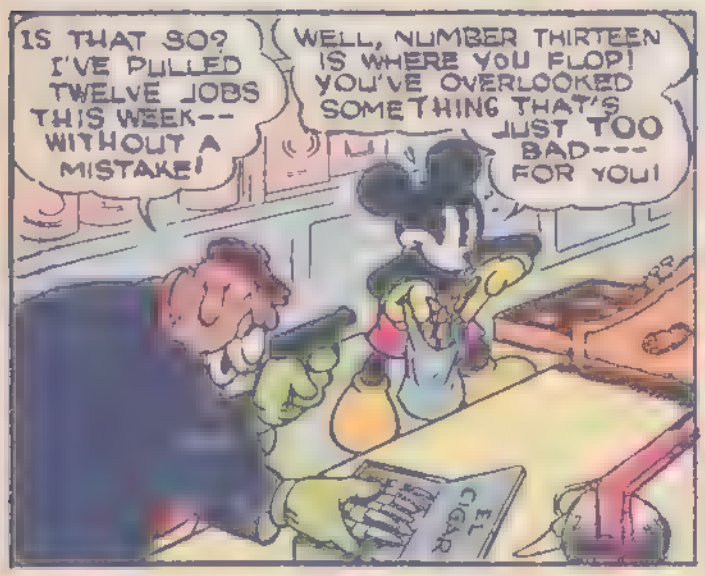


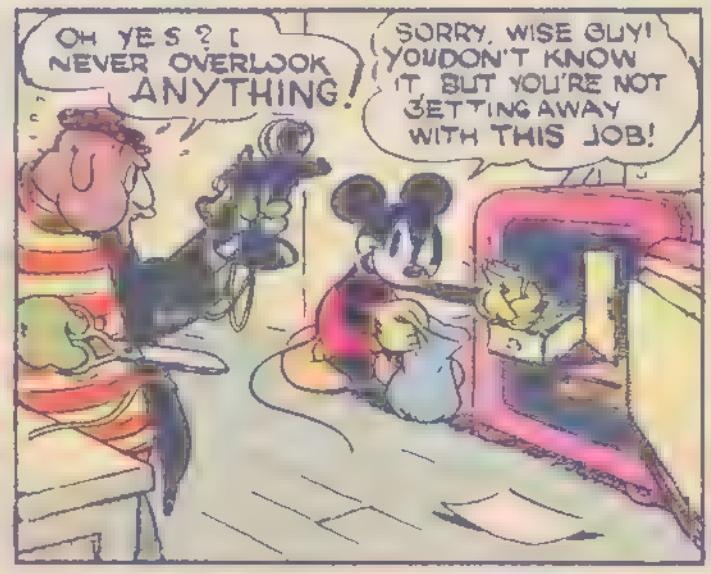

WHATS THE MATTER? DID I SCARE YOU I JUST CAME OVER TO SEE YOUR NEW STORE!
--WELL THERE'S BEEN A LOT OF HOLD-UPS LATELY-- AND I DONT HAVE MANY CUSTOMERS AT NIGHT!

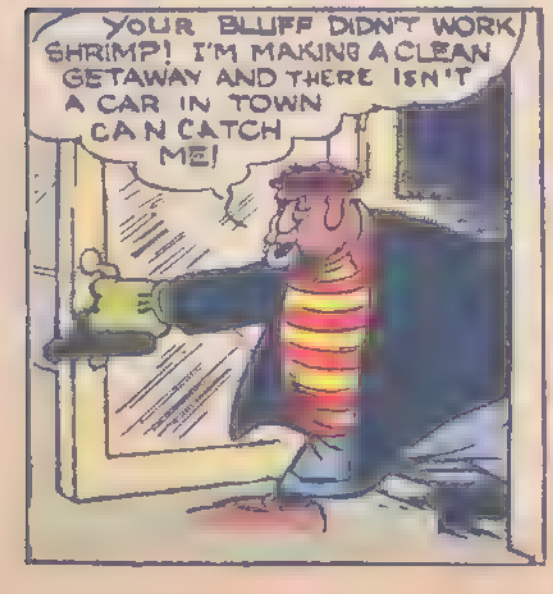


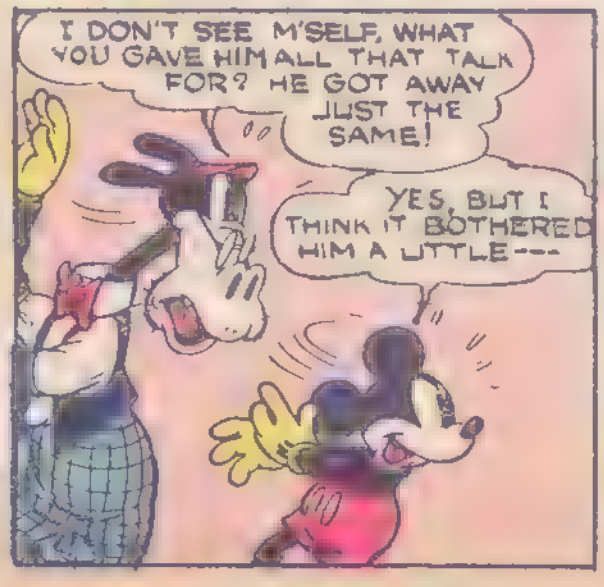


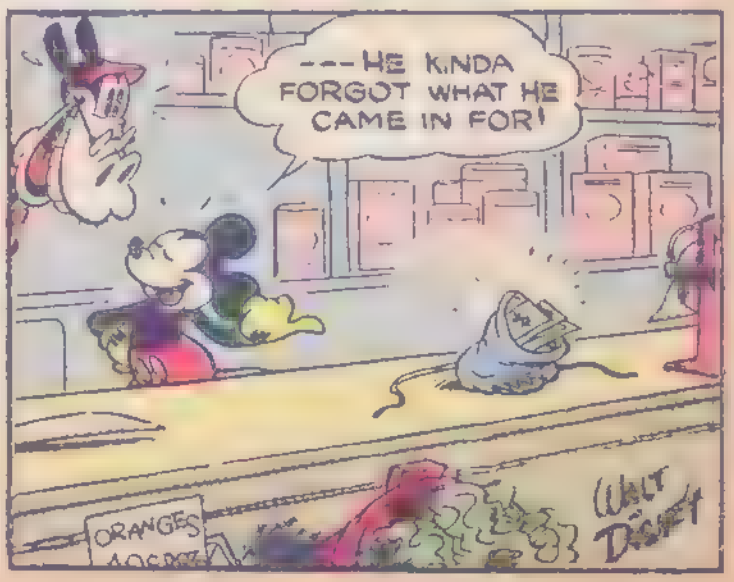



IS THAT SO? I'VE PULLED TWELVE JOBS THIS WEEK-- WITHOUT A MISTAKE!
WELL, NUMBER THIRTEEN IS WHERE YOU FLOP! YOU'VE OVERLOOKED SOMETHING THAT'S JUST TOO BAD--- FOR YOU!

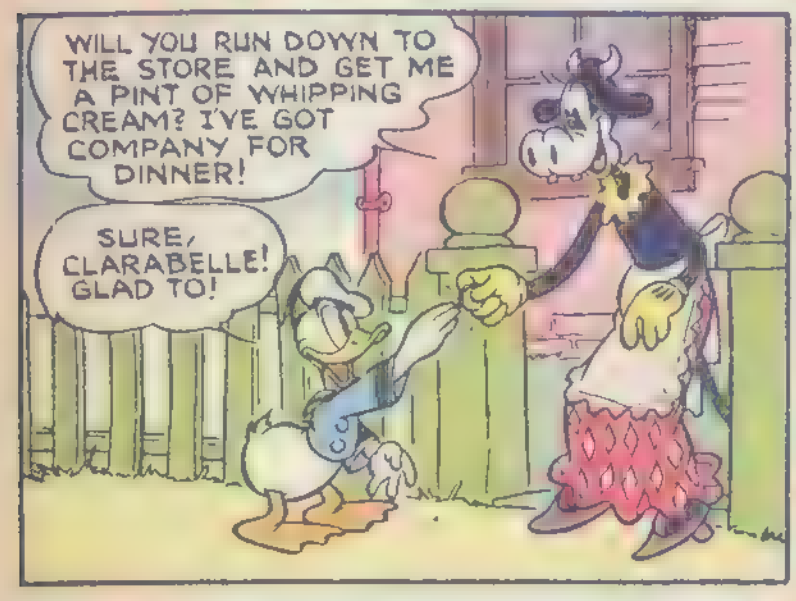


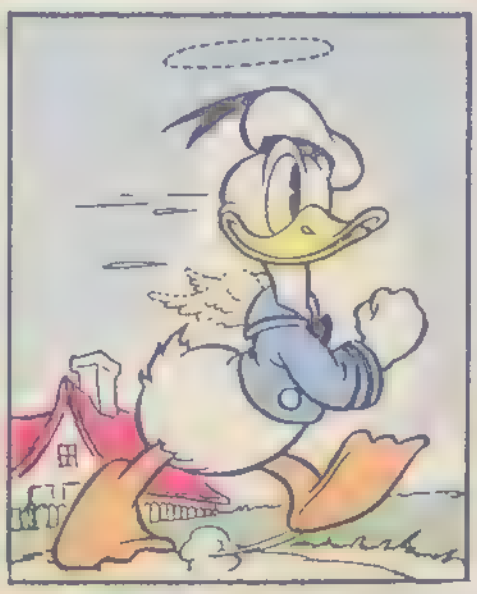


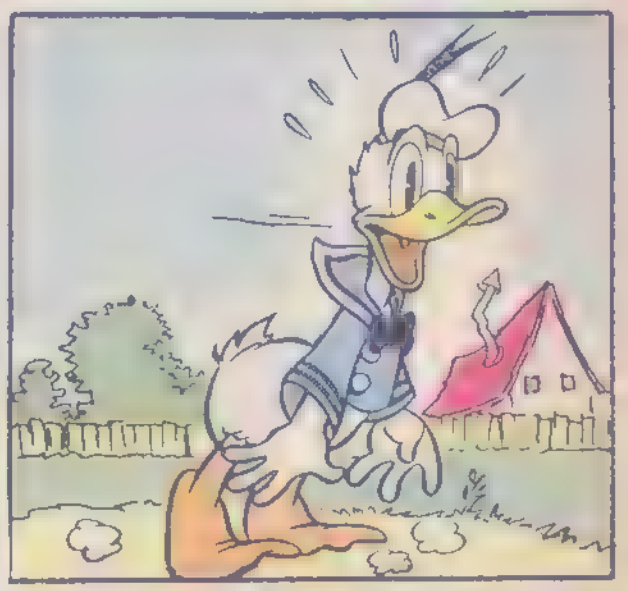


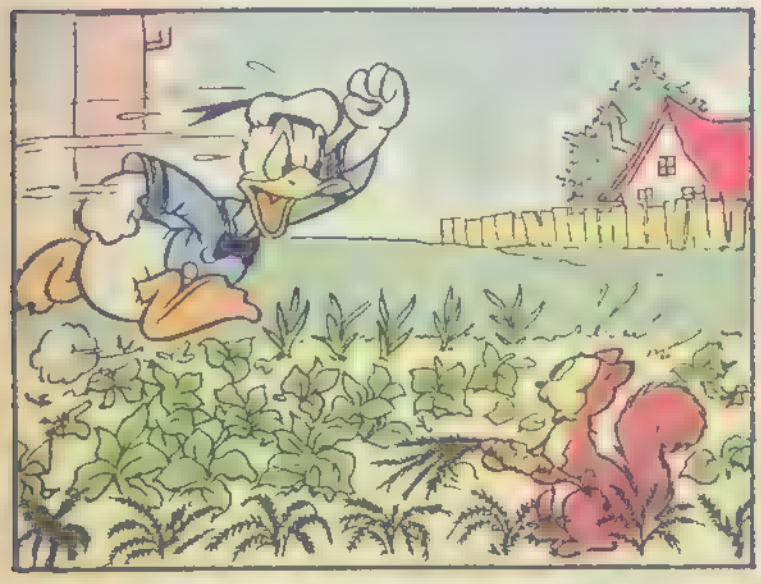


DONALD DUCK

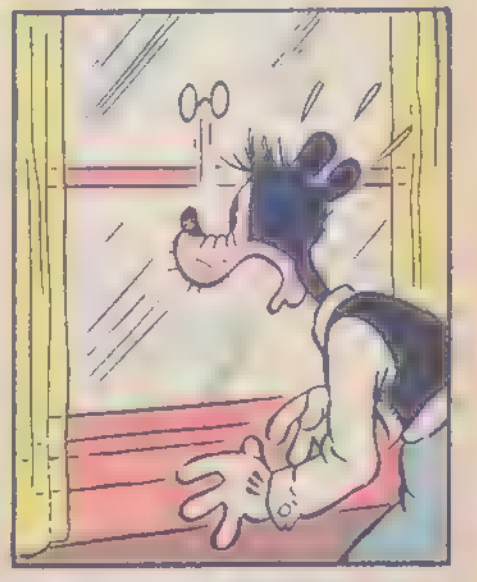

WILL YOU RUN DOWN TO THE STORE AND GET ME A PINT OF WHIPPING CREAM? I'VE GOT COMPANY FOR DINNER!
SURE, CLARABELLE! GLAD TO!

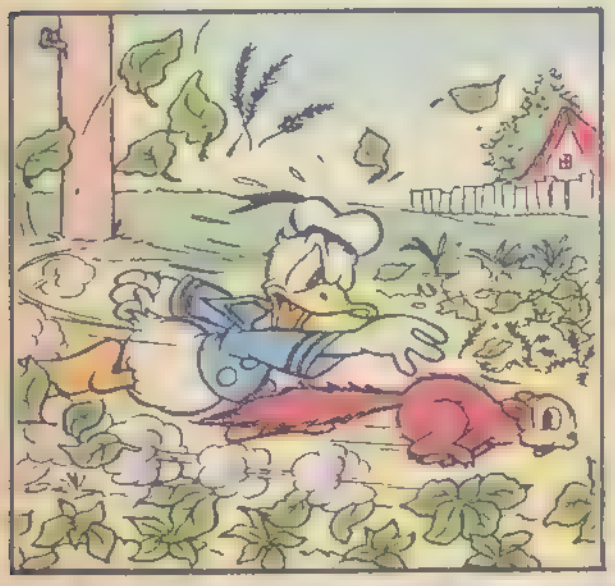


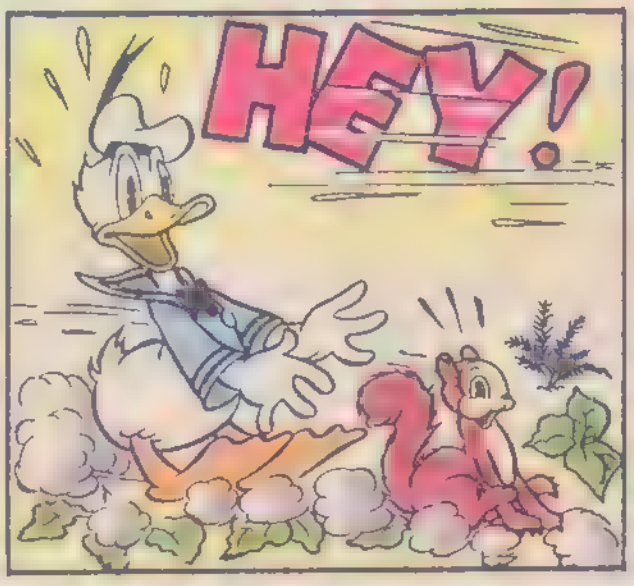


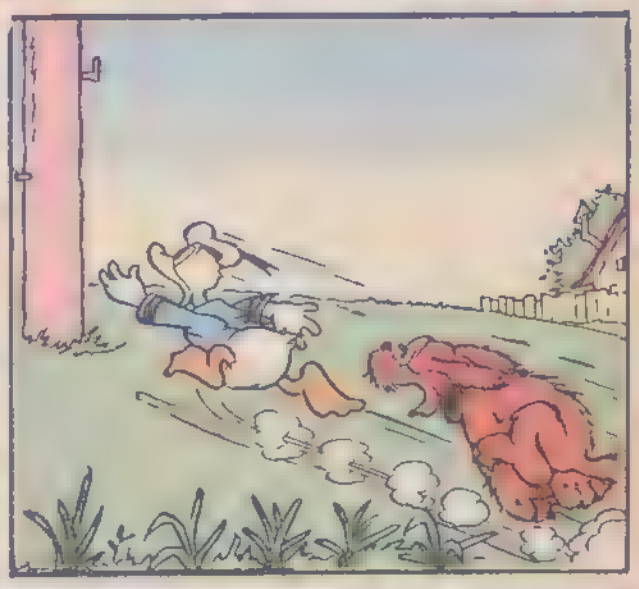


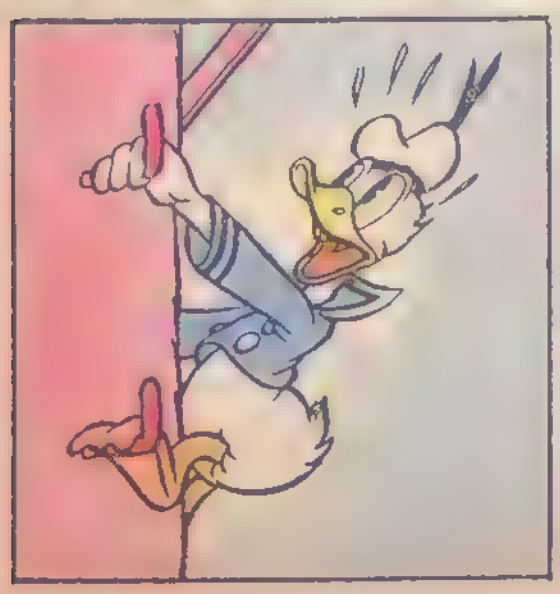
GET OUT OFTHAT GARDEN, YOU LITTLE THIEF!

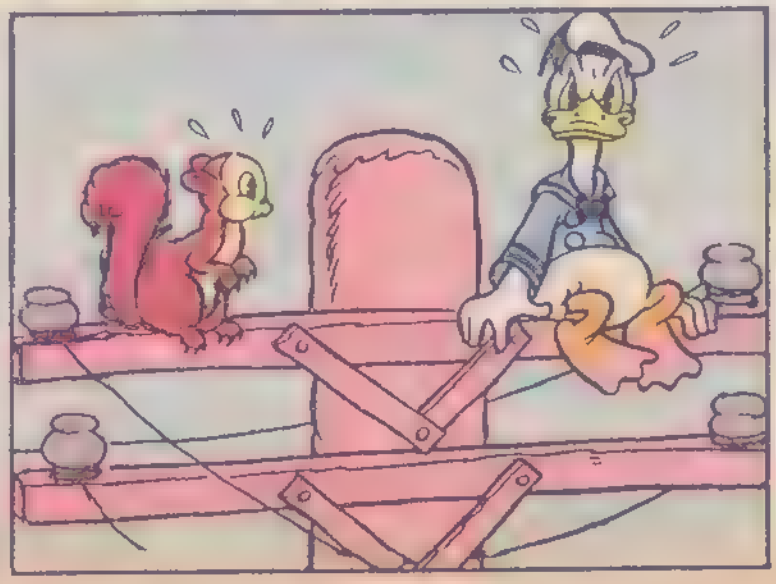





HEY!







MICKEY MOUSE

by

WALT DISNEY

OF ALL THE DARNED---! IT WOULD HAVE TO BE PEG-LEG PETE THAT TURNS UP AGAIN!

THAT'S WHAT MICKEY SAID TO ME, SIR! HE WISHED THE WHALE WOULD GET AWAY!

I KNOW! HE PRACTICALLY TOLD ME THE SAME THING!

YOU'RE SURE HE'S DESERTED?

AYE, SIR! WE'VE SEARCHED THE SHIP AND HE'S NOT ABOARD!

SO YOU DON'T LIKE IT HERE ON THE "ORCA", HUH?

GO AHEAD AND TALK YOU DUMB BUNNY I STILL DON'T SEE WHAT YOU GAINED BY WRECKING OUR ENGINES!

THAT IS EASY! YOUR SHIP WAS THE ONLY ONE WITH A CHANCE OF CATCHING THE WHALE!

NOW I CATCH HIM AND I WIN THE PRIZE MONEY, MYSELF--WITH NO INTERFERENCE! GET IT, STUPID?

ALL IS GLOOM ABOARD THE "DAFFODIL." HER ENGINES HAVE BEEN DISABLED AND THE ABSENT MICKEY IS BLAMED FOR THE CRIME.

I'VE KNOWN MICKEY FOR YEARS! HE DOESN'T DO THINGS LIKE THAT! NO, SIR!

WHO ASKED FOR YOUR OPINION? GET ALOFT WITH YOU ON DUTY!

I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU ON DECK AND SHOW YOU HOW THIS BOAT IS FIXED FOR WHALE-KILLING!

WHEN THE HARPOON HITS OLD BARNEY A BOMB GOES OFF THAT BLOWS HIM TO CHOWDER! HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT?

TALK'S CHEAP! YOU HAVEN'T GOT HIM YET!

ORCA

NOTHING'S BEEN RIGHT SINCE THAT "ORCA'S" CAME IN!

FER--GOOD GAWRSH! IT'S MICKEY!

THAT'S MICKEY, SURE ENOUGH A PRIS'NER ON THE "ORCA!"

THAT'S WHY I NAMED MY SHIP FOR A KILLER! I KILL OLD BARNEY AND I WIN THE BIG DOUGH! THAT'S A DOUBLE KILLING!

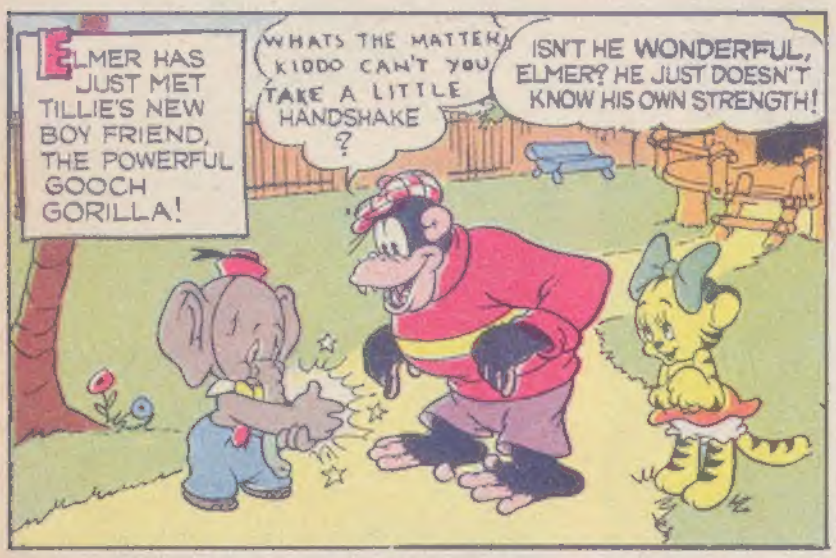
ORCA

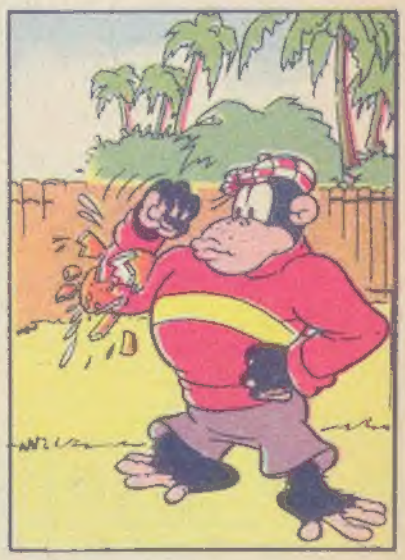
I TOLD YOU BEFORE, YOU HAVEN'T GOT HIM YET! AND IF I CAN HELP IT, YOU NEVER WILL!

HAW-HAW! YOU CAN'T HELP NOTHING! YOU'RE STUCK BELOW TILL THE BATTLE IS OVER! COME ON SHRIMP!

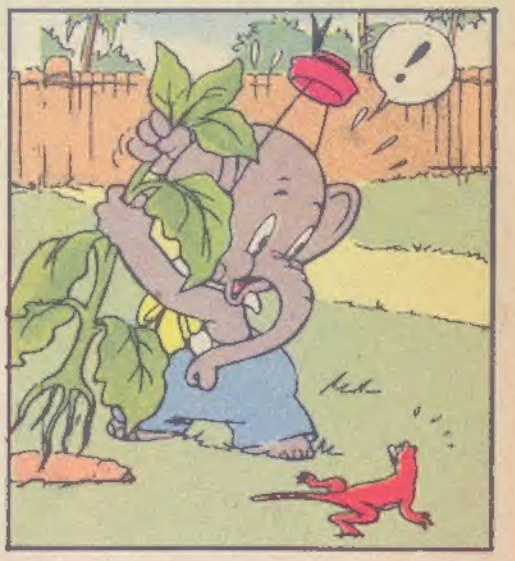
YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS YOU BIG MEANIE!
YOU SEE
I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE -- SOMEHOW!
YOU SAW NO SIGN OF THE WHALE WHILE YOU WERE ON LOOKOUT DUTY?
NO, SIR! NO SIGN OF THE WHALE! I MIGHT HAVE SEEN SOMETHING ELSE- --- I'M NOT SAYING
FLAP! FLAP!
?
?
THE LITTLE SILLY WHAT IN TUNKET DOES HE THINK HE'S TALKING ABOUT?
WELL, PETE, OLD BOY- --I'M LEAVING BUT I'VE GOT A LITTLE WORK TO DO, FIRST!
LET'S SEE NOW --- DID I LOCK THE PADLOCK ON THE LITTLE RAT'S DOOR? BLAZES! DO I HAVE TO GET UP AND LOOK?
?
ORCA
PS-S-S-T!
ORCA
UH-HAW! IT'S ME!
OH, BOY! NOW I WON'T HAVE TO SWIM IT!
MICKEY ESCAPES FROM PETE'S SHIP, AIDED BY GOOFY IN A DORY.
MIGHTY SWELL OF YOU TO COME AND GET ME, GOOFY! HOW DID YOU KNOW WHERE I WAS?
I SAW YOU FROM THE CROW'S-NEST!
LET ME THINK NOW! DID I LOCK THE RAT IN? YES -I REMEMBER -- HE'S SAFE ENOUGH!
UH-HAW-HAW! THE CAPTAIN DOESN'T EVEN KNOW I SPOTTED YOU! I JUST SNEAKED OFF WITH THIS BOAT!
SAKES ALIVE! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF ALL THE SECRECY?
YOU DON'T KNOW IT, BUT, YOU'RE THE ONE, THEY ALL THINK, BUSTED OUR ENGINES! THE CAPTAIN WOULDN'T LET ME RESCUE YOU! NO, SIREE!
THE CAPTAIN HAS SOME NERVE TO THINK I'D WRECK HIS ENGINES!
WELL, LET'S HURRY BACK TO THE SHIP AND GET THINGS STRAIGHTENED OUT!
YOU HAVE TO ADMIT I DID A PRETTY NEAT RESCUE ACT, BY GOLLY!
HOW FAR AWAY IS THE "DAFFODIL," ANYHOW? SEEMS TO ME WE'VE BEEN ROWING FOR MILES!
HUH?
UH -- COME TO THINK OF IT, I KINDA FORGOT TO TAKE MY BEARIN'S WHEN I LEFT THE SHIP!
OF ALL THE---- GOSH KNOWS WHERE WE ARE, THEN!
TO BE CONTINUED

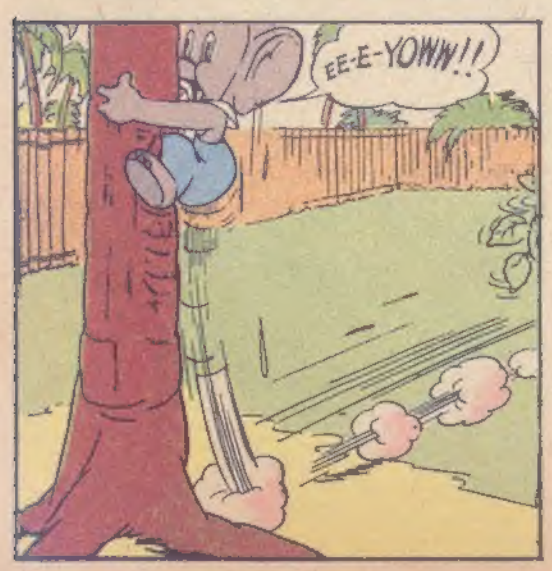
"TIMID ELMER"

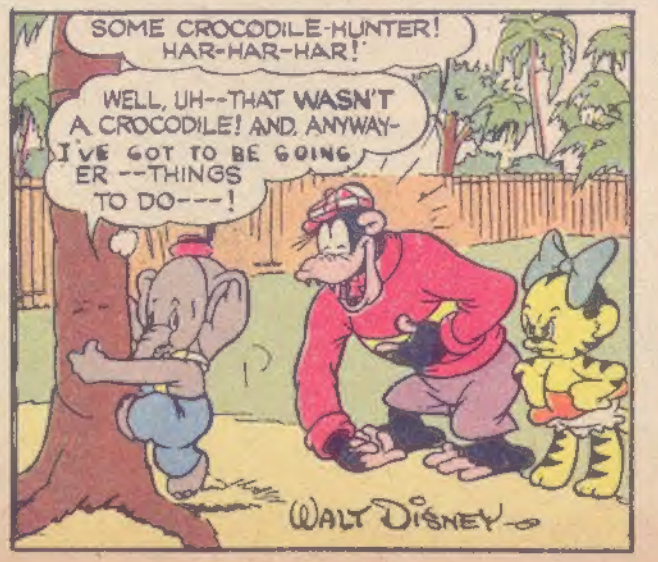

ELMER HAS JUST MET TILLIE'S NEW BOY FRIEND, THE POWERFUL GOOCH GORILLA!
WHATS THE MATTER KIDDO CAN'T YOU TAKE A LITTLE HANDSHAKE ?
ISN'T HE WONDERFUL, ELMER? HE JUST DOESN'T KNOW HIS OWN STRENGTH!

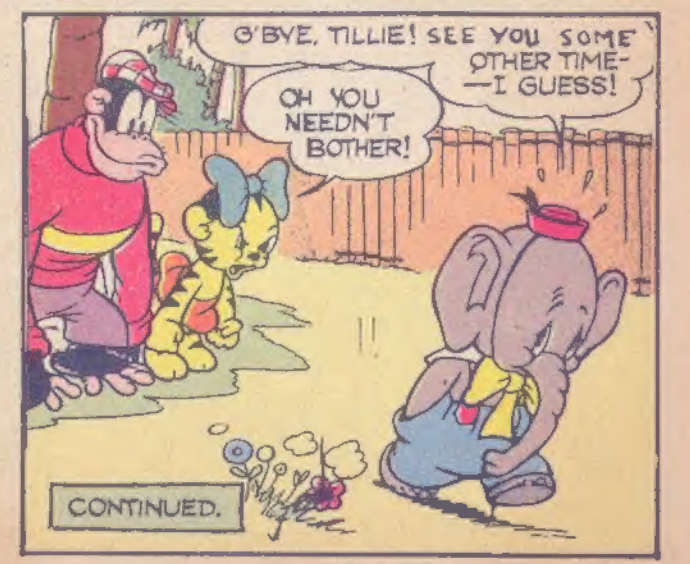


After a few more samples of Gooch's muscular prowess, Elmer is pretty burnt up!









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